

And there is no better place to see Atlantis than along the Midland Trail. The valley of the high steep sides has the right to be called the New River canyon. There is just room for the river and the railroad in the bottom, and the highway occupies a terrifying height above the awful gorge. A top of a cliff known as Hawk's Nest, is a frightful place. A walk of about two hundred feet brings you to the brink of one of the most awful precipices in the world. Not a sign of a railing or support. Keep away from the edge.

The drop is something over a thousand feet. It is almost perpendicular. It takes a good thrower to send a stone into the waters of the New River, but that seems unbelievable to those who stand on the little platform on the brink large enough to afford standing room to about six persons. A person standing there is fully convinced that he could leap into the river.

In 1812, Chief Justice John Marshall, one of the State commissioners, came to this rock, and stood upon it, and had accurate measurements made of it. At that time, in honor of the visit of the chief justice, and the interest that he took in the place, the citizens of Kanawha County changed the name from Hawk's Nest to Marshall's Pillar, but the name did not take. One hears only of Hawk's Nest.

Something over a hundred years ago a traveler from a foreign country was traveling east on the stage coach. He arrived at Kanawha Falls at midnight, where a stop of three hours was scheduled at the inn, which by the way is still standing, an immense brick mansion, the property of Mrs. C. W. Osenton. The traveler clambered out over the rock to see the falls by the light of a fading moon. Here it was that Batts and Fallam took formal possession of the Mississippi Valley for King Charles II, of England, in 1671.

The passengers were roused at three in the morning to resume their journey and the road climbed Gauley Mountain, a continuation of the Cumberland Mountains. It is ten or eleven miles to Hawk's Nest as I recall it. The stage coach made it in four hours according to this account. Approaching the spot of great reputed beauty, they pledged the coachman to stop, and from the top of the cliff on which then stood an ancient pine, the traveler seems to have gotten quite a kick.

He wondered if it were possible to gain access to the level of the river, for it looked like he might find some peace there. As far as he could tell it had never been trodden by the foot of man. That is changed now. The railroad town of Hawk's Nest is there and trains de luxe go roaring through by day and by night, and I am here to tell to the cockeyed world that I much prefer to look up at Hawk's Nest the pillar than to look down at Hawk's Nest the town.

There is little doubt that the pioneer left the bottom of the New River gorge alone. The engineers sent out from Richmond to go through the gorge at Hawk's Nest to observe its possibilities were strictly enjoined to employ one particular man who was fond of roving through it on hunting and fishing expeditions. This man refused to go because he was preparing to plant corn. Instructions then became peremptory to get him no matter at what cost. They were prepared to pay him a thousand dollars. The only contract that he would make was that he should have

the setting of the sun and he would not name it until he knew how long they would be getting through. It was so agreed and the party spent four days in the gorge, and the farmer, solely on account of having to hire hands to plant corn, demanded six dollars for the trip.

My observation is that outside of the garages and the drug stores and the hot dog stands, that tourists are not particularly welcome to the hard-working populace that inhabit the Midland Trail. In vain do the thinkers cry out to the people, "Make much of the tourist!" The citizen does not encourage conversation. At least those I tried to interest were polite but distant. I think they are fed up on strange faces. It was the hottest weather ever known outside of Hades, and it seemed to me that I was begging water with my hat in my hand all the time. And it was forthcoming, but it seemed to give no pleasure to the gracious giver. I tried tipping for water and that did not work, for I suppose that while they would like to have the money, it would not do to have it said that water was not free. It was in the dry season, and this condition will not prevail except in such a year as that and then only for a few days. I think I saw thousands of little children of school age carrying pails of water from distant springs. But I think the drought ended the day I came through on my way back, and paradise no doubt has resumed her sway in the delectable mountains.

I am glad I made that trip clear to the Ohio River on the Midland Trail, for if a gentleman can guide a car that distance over that road, meeting a car every few moments and being overhauled and passed by all kinds of craft—I say that if he can do that and still preserve his Christian integrity and the sunshine in his soul, then he ought to be able to drive on that other Broadway that follows the old calf path through New York City.

I observed a curious thing. After coming out of Charleston there came a lull in the proceedings in that while I met about thirty cars a minute, I was not overhauled for a couple of minutes. I went tooling along at a fast trot and came up to a car that was making about five miles an hour and I fell in behind it and on we went for some minutes at a fast walk. If it had not been for one thing I would have tried to pass, but so far I have not passed a single moving pleasure car. I have passed tractors and trucks, but so far each and every driver is fast enough for me. I saw the driver turn and look at me several times, and he was about fifty years old and had the eye of an eagle and the whimsical face of a kidder.

Presently other cars drew up and one of them gave a polite "Toot," which meant "damye, get over and slow down and let me by." He went by me and was going on by the front man, when that car picked up speed and kept ahead. Every now and then the speeding car would say "Toot!" Then it got to saying "Toot?" and then it ceased all sound. By and by, some twenty or thirty cars got by me and fell into line behind the two leaders, and then I got to speeding up for I wanted to see how it all came out. And another car came up. A many-colored roadster driven by a male about eighteen years old accompanied by two females still younger. With a polite salute and with a wide sweep on the margin of the road he went by me, and when he found what was up, he gave one

fell whoop and charged into the pile and by the time he had got to the head of the column he had broken the race all up. He picked them up and flung them behind one by one, for youth will be served. I have no doubt that the youngster got safely to the end of his journey in a short time and sat down to loaf.

These crowded roads are not so comfortable as they seem though the country has many millions of drivers who are far more resourceful and expert than the old time locomotive driver who was regarded with so much awe. All he could do was to keep to the rails. The common ordinary family driver, man, woman and child, must be prepared to drive a car through the eye of a needle and never scratch the paint.

I saw one aggregation of human beings and the perils of the crowded road. I came to a railroad crossing. I saw the first sign. The highway paralleled the track and crossed diagonally. Between me and the crossing was a Ford, then a boy on a bicycle, and my car. A street car whistled for the crossing. I was well to the right of the white line. The Ford in front slipped across ahead of the street car. The boy on the bicycle slowed so he barely moved, and I was barely moving well behind him. Just then a car banged into my running board, so that it was badly bended down and cost seventy-five cents to get it fixed. I never knew who hit me for the traffic flowed on in a stream for a few minutes. A dozen or more cars went by. As soon as I got across the track I stopped to see what damage had been done. A couple of walkers then came to me full of indignation. "Did you get his number?" Never had identified the car. Then the men told me what had happened. Most of us had lined up as I was giving the street car the ten seconds it needed, but one man had left the line to pass so that he could graze the tail end of the street car and get to his loafing place without delay. He passed successfully until he came to a point opposite my car. There he encountered the two pedestrians walking towards him on their right-hand side of the road, and as they refused to give in, the car driver had turned violently to the right and landed against me. The walkers were in workmen's clothes. It was about six in the evening, and I bet they belonged to the union and stood upon their rights. Envyng the lamb in the large place, I grinned and went on. There was a combination of a street car, a boy on a bicycle, a lot of motorcars, and a couple of walkers, on a busy highway at a railway crossing. I am more than ever convinced that in emergencies that if every mother's son of them will stop and freeze that nothing can happen.

Even though a tourist may be unwelcome to a man with a house by the road, I came back from a swing around in nine counties more than ever convinced that West Virginia is the show place of the world. I am tired of that Switzerland business. Switzerland is not worthy to hold a candle to Atlantis.

And when I come to think about it, I, too, live by the road and thousands go skyhooting along, and maybe they think that we are cold. Well, it is a fact, that they are on a lark, and I am at home grubbing along. I have got a notion to put up a sign "This is a friendly house. Call for water or anything else you need. Talk your blamed head off if you want to."

## CHAPTER II

*Nine Miles Lost, but it was Nine Miles off the Top of the World.  
Dunmore's War. Camp 12 was Charlestown, now Charleston.*

South by sou'west and all sail set, and a wet seat and a wandering foot, and ho for the Midland Trail! That is the country where I am going to take my pleasure pretty soon. I had known about that kind of a country for a long time. In the days when I took to the woods, I always went to the west. In that direction lay trout, and deer, and blackberries. No snakes in Erosee, at least no pizen snakes. The only time that I remember having chosen the east side of Greenbrier River as a place to camp, and having picked out a smooth place underneath some overhanging trees, a rattlesnake lifted up his head and shook his castanets at us, and we camped on the west side of the river after that sinister welcome.

Many is the month that I have roamed through the rich lands to the west and slept on the ground. Strange as it may seem, I do not count that time as lost. It now appears that it was the most sensible of the things that I did. I got to know that country of great mountains and forested valleys. I have seen from the high peaks, the dawn come up like thunder. I have heard the roar of the rivers. I have been in the shadow of the great trees. And then the time came when fate put the harness on me and I had to go to work, and I neglected the wilderness. And the timber men came to give the mountains a hair cut and messed things up considerably. But the memory of those woods was clear and the thought of the peace there has soothed me to sleep thousands of times.

The other day I had occasion to go to the southwestern part of the State and we went forth in the Ford car, and in that way we found the Midland Trail, and for something like seventy-five miles I saw the land of my dreams from the sure foundation of a boulevard. So I want to go back and take my time and jog through the country that lies between Lewisburg and the mouth of Gauley River, for that is the kind of a country that I delighted to frequent in the dear dead days now gone beyond recall.

But I must get down to my knitting and stop trying to do fine writing like a lady. I have been trying to explain the geological formation of these endless mountains, and I cannot get the stuff verified by the scientists. The trouble about them is that they lack the vision to see the land as it once was. A peneplain is to them a peneplain and it is nothing more. They cannot see the part that has disappeared, and if they could they would not dare to talk about it, for they are materialists of the most pronounced type. One of the greatest of all geologists, Dr. I. C. White, gave me the clue once when I heard him make the assertion that nearly all the mountains of West Virginia were formed by erosion. And starting from that accepted truth, I was able to build my mountains in the air. I got one other cold fact. The table lands in these parts once rose fifty thousand feet into the air. That is from a book. Starting from this true premise, I am going to make another effort to get my vision to you after the manner of the inarticulate.

A million years is but a moment in the sight of a geologist, and yet he cannot afford to have any imagination. I can wander in the realms of fancy.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and said let the dry land appear. Then where we now sit, surrounded by all that endears and embellishes civilized life, on the third day, there arose a great level of an oblong shape, with a flat top, ten miles above the surface of the water, slightly tilted to the northwest. That was the beginning of the western hemisphere. And the Lord said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, and that was still accomplished in the third day.

In pursuance of this command, the great flat rock began to weather down and in course of time it had lost nine miles of solids in height, and the irregular wearing away by the winds and the water had left an eroded surface consisting of mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, the whole constituting a peneplain, by which is meant a land surface reduced by erosion almost to base level, so that most of it is nearly plain. For instance you think of Elk Mountain as a great mountain, when in fact it is but a bump on the plain. And we think that we are above highwater mark and safe from the waves of the sea. Just remember that out of the ten miles that we once had that we have left less than a mile to go upon. We are down to the last mile and going fast, geologically speaking. We are nearing base level.

The washings from this great plateau formed the Mississippi Valley to a great extent. Nearly all of the fertile part. That is what the State of Mississippi owes to the State of West Virginia. Let them look to the hills from whence cometh their help.

As the great rock wore down the long water courses flowed to the west and on the east the slope was precipitate and plunged to the sea, and the surf beat upon a narrow beach just about where the Greenbrier flows today. You can go along a well defined and curving line and pick up coral and shell shapes today.

And this was the end of the fourth day. And then in the fifth period there came some animal life into the world but it was confined to the waters, with the exception, that certain aquatic forms could fly over the land and return to the waters, and that is the reason that fish, birds and reptiles are the oldest form of animal life. And on the sixth day the land animals were made, and then the earth was ready for man who was to have dominion over the creatures. That is the history of creation, especially that part of it where we live.

We do not have everything here for we have been saved from great convulsions and from volcanic fires. The muck heap to the west became the great valley, and to the east the sea pushed away several hundred miles by some bastions that were thrown up by the folding of the crust of the earth, so that instead of the bullering of the surf, we hear the murmuring of the brook.

So the Midland Trail affords a most convenient way to view the oldest part of creation.

And by the way the more I think about it, the more I am convinced that if we had more poetical geologists, that we would get a better picture of the earth as it was at the beginning.

Geologists are inclined to be too matter of fact. They rely too much upon the printed word. They are too much like the ancient witness. In Morgantown, on the banks of the Monongahela River, at the courthouse years ago they were examining an old lady who was to prove an event that happened almost beyond the memory of man. She said that she did not know what year she was born. She did not know how old she was. Then the lawyer asked her if she could not fix her age by some event that had occurred in her early childhood, for example her first visit to Morgantown. Her answer was: "I could not pretend to give my age but I am very certain that when I was a little girl and first visited Morgantown there was no river there."

That is my idea of a geologist. A person whose field work is crippled by imperfect recollections of textbooks. It is getting to be about time for a new deal. Time to burn all the geological works except the first chapter of Genesis, and to let men of the radiant radio age give us their ideas of creation and the meaning of the markings on the rocks.

But at this rate, I am going to be quite a long time getting to the Midland Trail. Midland Trail is road 3, to be succinct. The crossroads are at Lewisburg. The Midland Trail is an east and west road. The north and south road had no individual number but you cannot keep a good road down so it just grewed, and to give it entity they called it the Seneca Trail. In the confusion of the christening in the first instance, it should have been road number four, but that fell to a road that runs through the central part of the State, the great road in Braxton County.

Every since the Seneca Trail has been growing like a green bay tree, road four has been in trouble. We hold that is one of the reasons that the tribes that live on Road 4 will not let a Senator come from the Seneca country.

My home is forty-two miles north of the Midland Trail and we have to win our way over Droop Mountain and Spring Creek Mountain, and through the red McCready shale of the Little Levels, and Renicks Valley, and the Big Levels to get to the Midland Trail. If we could follow the bank of the Greenbrier River down to the Midland Trail, it would not be so bad, but we have to go over the uplands where the people live to get there.

I went down one day to add to the confusion that exists in the mind of the educated, and talked to the Institute of Greenbrier County. I thought we might be able to do something about New England having stolen all the credit that belongs to Greenbrier County as the birthplace of American independence. We did not get it fully accomplished, but I hope that we got something started.

After the lecture, and before I had come out from under the hypnosis superinduced by an effort to speak in public, a young lady professor from Frankford asked me how I secured my facts that I used in my writings about this part of the country. I was not at all clear with her, I am sure, and being a writer, rather than a speaker, I want to set down a few matters here in that connection. I am credulous by nature and am



willing to believe. I think we can sense the truth. I know women can. Do not ask me how I know that. And I go so far as to say, that if a community has no historical matters, that it is the duty of the local historian to supply them. But it is all bosh to say that a community has no history. There is material for many books in the history of every cross-roads. And I would rather be asked about specific statements anyway, for I will be only too glad to furnish detailed information as to my authority. That is one of the important things about putting your assertions in print. It is scanned by thousands, and if it stands the pitiless publicity without contradiction, it is almost established itself. Look at that statement about the burial of Washington Neff, the soldier. I had him buried on the right creek but in the wrong field, and full and complete facts were forthcoming at once from every point of the compass to set the record right.

The lady asked me about Fort Stuart or Stewart. They say that Col. Stuart signed his name both ways. Frankford lies between here and the Midland Trail in the Big Levels. It is a town first settled by Col. John Stuart in 1769, and it is the only large town that I can recall that does not have as much as a spring branch to give it the name of a ford. Ford is an Anglo-Saxon word and until the other day had but one meaning and that was where a stream can be crossed by wading. Lately it also means a pleasure carriage.

So I take it, that the name has suffered somewhat in transmission for it was a fort, and not a ford. So that is one way that a historian reasons aloud, and whether it is sound or not is for the reader to say.

The question is whether Fort Stuart was on the other side of Lewisburg or whether it was the Stuart place at Frankford. Lately I have been giving it as my opinion that it was not Frankford. Col. John Stuart had a fort at Frankford but the name of that fort was Fort Spring, a name that is given to a town in another part of Greenbrier County.

It is very hard to get documentary evidence of those days on the Western Waters. On the 2nd day of September, 1774, Col. William Fleming was in camp at the big spring at Lewisburg. He set down in his journal that day the following words: "We were alarmed by a report that Stewarts Fort, four miles from camp, was attacked by Indians."

On the first day of August, 1774, Gen. James Robertson wrote to Col. William Preston, that he had just received flying news that the Indians had shot one of Arbuckle's sentries on Muddy Creek; that John Stewart had a company in the levels of Greenbrier, "not more than six miles from Arbuckle's fort." I do not know this Midland Trail country so well, but it appears to me from my local knowledge of Muddy Creek, which is the stream that comes into the Greenbrier River near Alderson, that Stuart's Fort as depended upon by the community in 1774 was south of the Midland Trail and not at Frankford, ten miles north of the Midland Trail and much further than that from Muddy Creek.

There it is for you. That is the evidence that is convenient. We know that in 1774 there was no fort at Lewisburg. The place was chosen for the assembling of the first army to resist the power and orders of the British king in regard to settlements west of the Allegheny Mountain.

Stewart's Fort must have been the nearest fort to the big spring. The evidence that I have used in this article as to the record in the handwriting of Fleming and Robertson was gathered by the Wisconsin Historical Society which was the first to collect the old letters and journals preserved in these mountains, and which are in that western State. Wisconsin has done more to preserve our history than we have ourselves. That record refers to Frankford and as Frankfort. Their books can be consulted, and for a very reasonable sum they will send photo copies of any of the old manuscripts that they hold. The index to their manuscripts makes a large volume in itself.

Before the snow flies, I hope to have time to go to the Midland Trail and loiter along it and make a complete and satisfactory study of the way the army marched in 1774, in the current of the Revolution.

Col. Fleming, commanding the Botetourt militia, left Lewisburg on the Midland Trail, September 12, 1774, and marched seven miles crossing Muddy Creek Mountain. By constant marching his command reached the mouth of Elk River at Charleston on the evening of the 23rd day of September, having spent twelve days on the march. Here the army halted for something like a week to get canoes made. Then they marched and floated down the river to the mouth of Coal River, to a camp.

I followed him to that point, but I noticed some changes. From the camp that he calls Camp 12, to the mouth of Coal River, I found a great city, and for something like fourteen or fifteen miles, I was driving through a town. Here is a significant thing. That Camp 12 was somewhere in the upper part of Charleston, above the State House, and the countersign for the day for that camp was "Charlestown." This antedated by some years the establishment of Fort Clendenin, by George Clendenin, and Charleston was named in honor of his father, Charles Clendenin. Yet we find that the parole word for that first encampment of Americans to be "Charlestown," which was the original name given the present city. At Elk River the work was "Dunkirk." At Coal River the word was "Burke." At Point Pleasant the first day, the word was "York," second day "Cork," third day "Gooch," fourth day "Richmond." And the fifth day they got into a fight before a word could be given out.

At the mouth of Coal River, the ancient and honorable city of St. Albans, the Midland Trail swings over a mountain and keeps to the left, while the pioneer army kept on down the river towards the Point. I was not prepared to leave the line of march so I turned on down the river and followed it some twelve or fifteen miles on a broad road that leads to Winfield, the county seat of Putnam, on the banks of the Great Kanawha, where the steamboats stop. The courthouse has a bell that was salvaged from a great steamer that blew up at this point.

I had a most delightful day at Winfield concerning which I hope to write at some future time. It is a small town, with so much strength in stores, hotels, newspapers, lawyers, banks, and schools that it seems to be over-engined for its beam, but that is because it is the county seat of a great county.

I had seen about the fishing in 1774 in the army records and I made inquiry of the barber of Winfield while he was trying to make me look like an old basin freshly scoured, he knew about fishing. It is different



there from the kind I was used to, where the fish are jumping crazy for the fly or bait. It is still water and when a fisherman overcomes a big catfish they butcher it and put the choice cuts on the market and retail it out at from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents a pound. There is a recollection of one big one that weighed eighty-two pounds gross that was peddled out to the public.

There was another case of an eighty-pound catfish. In this case the fish had taken refuge in a big hollow sunken log and it had grown so big that it could not get out of its retreat. So the log was hauled out and split open and the fish extracted.

I asked the barber if there were any notable fishes frequenting that part of the river which had not been taken. He said there certainly was one, and he had seen it. When it came to the top of the water that it made as much commotion as a horse. It could not be taken with a line. It went around trailing fishing lines from its mouth. They called it "Old Ruffner." And the taking of Old Ruffner is the thing that those boys have to look forward to.

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### CHAPTER III

#### *Dunmore's Army on the Midland Trail. The Surveying Parties of 1774. The Dunmore Campaign the Beginning of the Revolution.*

A lady in Point Pleasant said to me that she would like me to give some authority for calling the battle of Point Pleasant the first battle of the Revolution. She had a son who lived in Washington and it seems that when he advanced that claim, the people laughed. The New England bodyguard would see to that. It has always been plain to me that the Revolution began at Lewisburg and ended at Yorktown. Began in Virginia and ended in Virginia, but great is the power of the printed word, and New England claims the beginning of the Revolution to be the battles of Lexington and Concord in April, 1775. Ridpath refers to Patrick Henry and his speech in 1765 in the House of Burgesses in Virginia in which he declared for liberty or death as the effort of an "uneducated mountaineer of Louisa County."

Roosevelt's construction is the true one. He was more than a historian. He was a history maker himself. But he is second to none as an interpreter of history. In his "Winning of the West," Part I, chapter two, "In the Current of the Revolution," he said:

"Lord Dunmore's War waged by Americans for the good of America, was the opening act in the drama whereof the closing scene was played at Yorktown. It made possible the twofold character of the Revolutionary War, wherein on the one hand the Americans won by conquest and colonization new lands for their children, and on the other wrought out their national independence of the British king."

If a West Virginian desires further verification he is hard to please.

Roosevelt cannot be charged with sectional influence. He was a citizen born and bred north of forty-one, and was not moved by sectional prejudice or pride. Surely any fair-minded man will accept his value of the worth of the efforts of the mountaineers in asserting their rights in defense of their homes.

Dunmore's army at Fort Gower, November 5, 1774, declared by written resolution:

"The love of Liberty, and attachment to the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration."

"We resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty, and for the support of her just rights and privileges."

Those were the declarations of men under arms at the end of a successful campaign and antedated the formal declaration of independence that was to follow nearly two years later.

Revolution implies the overthrow of one government and the substitution of another by the governed. Rebellion is the open, organized, and armed resistance to constituted authority. As a revolution the revolt was on the part of the thirteen colonies of the British empire, and did not involve the whole empire. Therefore it might be said that when the movement succeeds that it is a revolution, and that when it fails it is a rebellion.

The point I wish to make is that when the colonies revolted and acted independently of Great Britain, that they asserted themselves as Americans, and when they were engaged in establishing their rights by the force of arms, that all who opposed them were enemies, whether they were British soldiers, Hessian troops, Indian warriors, or Tories. It must be remembered that some of the greatest battles were fought against Americans, as in the case of Kings Mountain, where so many Tories lived.

In the case of the war of 1774, every citizen on the Western Waters held his homestead in defiance of the king's proclamation to vacate. This was passive defiance. When these citizens formed an army and fought a war that was an overt act against the constituted authority of Great Britain, as construed in London, and in a great measure at Williamsburg.

Virginia was having an unhappy time. The loyalists were so strong that it forced all to declare for the king, and the distinction was made as to king's ministers. It took a couple of years to bring the temper of the people to the point of issuing the declaration of independence.

In regard to the proclamation of the king in 1763, to prevent additional immigration to the west, and to require those who had settled on the Western Waters to return, that applied to Virginia and Pennsylvania particularly. In Pennsylvania, that colony approved the king's order and forcibly removed the settlers from the Indian land. Virginia did not attempt that. But the House of Burgesses took the middle course of refusing to authorize or appropriate for the war of 1774. As far as I can learn, there was not a dollar of public money to back the campaign, and though after its wonderful success, commissioners were appointed to list the soldiers and fix their rewards, I find no record of any appropriation for them.

When Dunmore stepped in and prevented the plunder of the rich Indian towns in Ohio, then the minute men were about to turn on him,

and it afterwards appeared that they did lose there the only chance that they had of reimbursing themselves for their time and expense. But it was part of the Providence that watched over the destinies of America, that the soldiers did not help themselves to the riches of the Indians, though great quantities of spoil from the paleface cabins had been carried into those towns the preceding summer. Think of the emotions of a mountaineer who identified his favorite horse or his rifle gun in the hands of an Indian, and not being able to replevin them.

It was my intention on taking up this subject to compare the moving causes of the Revolution. I cannot help but feel that the land laws of Virginia had more to do with the spirit of revolt than even the stamp tax or the tea tax.

It is well known that sandy and desolate lands of the Atlantic seaboard caused the land that comprised the thirteen colonies to be ignored by the European nations for more than a hundred years. Vessels would be put into Chesapeake Bay and seeing a country not much better than the Sahara Desert would leave for the rich lands of Central and South America. England was slow to act upon the discoveries of Columbus, and when she did act, about all that was left was that uninviting country along the seaboard lying between 34 degrees and 48 degrees north, and England had a most difficult undertaking to get settlements started at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. But when it was found out that the land as it extended inward became much better, the country settled up very fast.

The Blue Ridge Mountains were fixed as the western line for a long time, but after a hundred years or more, Fairfax and Borden succeeded in making a foothold in the Valley of Virginia, and in 1722, the Great Men of the Five Nations at Albany ratified a treaty fixing the Great Ridge, the Allegheny Mountains, as the partition line between the land of the palefaces and the lands of the red men, and after that the settlement of the Valley of Virginia and all of the waters of the Potomac River was rapid, and the settlers came largely from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for the land was the best in the world.

Borden had succeeded with his colonization scheme by which he was entitled to take up five hundred thousand acres in odd shapes and sizes, and this was managed from Staunton with the aid and assistance of John Lewis. Borden got this concession in 1736. In ten years the great county of Augusta was formed. The rich lands of the Shenandoah waters., ready for the scythe, gave a great impetus to immigration from the north and east. In a few years the game had been driven to the mountains, and it became a custom to make hunting trips into the Indian reservation to the west in the fall of the year for a supply of venison. And thus the pioneers saw much fine land especially in the Greenbrier valley.

In the seventeen-forties, squatters began to come here. The oldest recorded settlement is that of Jacob Marlin who was established here in 1749, but who had come some time before that. Owing no doubt to fortuitous circumstances, his presence here was noted in such a way that every conservative history of the Western Waters starts with 1749, and Jacob Marlin's house, making the town of Marlinton the oldest English

settlement in the Mississippi Valley, for which background we are duly thankful.

In the course of events, the rich lands of the southwestern part of the present boundary of Virginia attracted attention, and also the rich lands now within the bounds of Kentucky. But the trouble was that they were on the Western Waters, and when the palefaces broke over the border, the Iroquois or Five Nations, put up a regular protest with the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, giving each year the number of trespassers on their lands, and objecting to the invasion. And these complaints reached London. The government of all the colonies except Virginia were able to control the tide of immigration, but Virginia could not control it. For instance the topography of the country was such that it was impossible to tell what was what as between the waters that flowed to the Chesapeake Bay and those that flowed to the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians knew but the white men did not, but they did not greatly care. The tourist today does not know as he hastens across the mountains where he leaves the Mississippi Valley. And the great New River rising in North Carolina and breaking through the mountains to the Ohio River added to the confusion.

The government of England no doubt intended to keep their compact with the Indians but they became muddled owing to the lack of maps and definite information. In 1749, they granted to John Lewis and Thomas Walker and a lot of other men under the name of the Loyal Company the right to locate 800,000 acres in small detached parcels from the Blue Ridge west, north of the North Carolina line, all of which was on the Western Waters. And in 1751, the right was granted to the Greenbrier Company to take up and locate 100,000 acres to the northwest and west of the Cowpasture River, and Newfoundland. Newfoundland was the name given to the Cowpasture settlement. Note that northwest and west description. The mouth of the Greenbrier is due west of the mouth of the Cowpasture River. And all of the great Jackson River valley is west and northwest of the Cowpasture, and one is forced to the conclusion that the canny Scotch put it over on the Londoners in both instances.

The result was that though more than a thousand surveys were made by these companies, no grants or patents were issued until after the titles had been confirmed by a revolution, and then by the new government.

The French and Indian War brought out the truth in regard to these grants, and it was in 1763, that the king attempted to nullify the western movement by his proclamation. And when that did not succeed, in 1768, he bought the land out from under the settlers and claimed it as against all the colonies.

The companies were in a bad fix. In the first place they had only four years to complete their surveys, and the French and Indian War breaking out drove most of the palefaces off of the Western Waters. The annual complaints of the Indian governments kept them in hot water. The king claimed the land by right of purchase from the Iroquois. The Shawnees disputed the title of both. The Greenbrier and the Loyal Companies granted rights contingent on their own rights being ratified at some subsequent time. The word "if" controlled the grants. The pioneers decided that they would go on over and settle in the land of Canaan and

take chances. Once in a while some settlers would shelter behind a company permit.

In 1768, Governor John Blair in his message to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, said: "A set of men regardless of natural justice, and in contempt of royal proclamation, have dared to settle themselves upon lands near Cheat River, which are the property of the Indians."

This was the condition up to 1773. That year the two companies, Loyal and Greenbrier, appeared before the governor and council, and represented that certain soldiers holding military grants under the order of 1762, were locating their lands on surveys made by the companies, and that when there was such a superabundance of land that it was not right that the soldiers should take land that had been previously claimed. And on this hearing the council ordered that the holders of military grants for service should locate their lands so as not to interfere with legal surveys or actual settlements.

This was the entering of the thin edge of the wedge. The order was entered on December 16, 1773. It was destined to bring great results to America. It was a test as to whether the colonies were to grow and expand and govern themselves or continue to be at the mercy of the politicians in London. The king had shut up the land office to prevent the issuing of grants to public land, and necessity had sharpened the wits of the mountaineers and they were going ahead, and getting as much authority as they could.

By 1773 the settlers had moved to the mountains by the thousands, and they were without title papers. The Iroquois had made a quit claim to the king of England, but they knew nothing of land titles other than that a cultivated field belonged to the Indian or his family as long as they used it and no longer. They understood the grant to the king to be permission to use the land with them. The king held it to prevent settlements. The Shawnees claimed it.

No doubt on the evening of the 16th of December, 1773, John Lewis, Andrew Lewis, Thomas Walker, William Preston, Hugh Mercer, and the other mountaineers had a quiet meeting celebrating their victory, for they had ground to argue that the governor and council had recognized that the settlers had some rights. That the effect of the decision was that all that a settler had to do to perfect his title was to buy a right from the companies or some military scrip, and that the king would have to open the land office sooner or later, and then the grants would issue. It is hard to say what would have happened if the war had not broken out the next year. But no sooner had the decision been announced than a great land boom began and surveying parties got ready to go into the mountains and take up land for the companies or locate lands on military scrip. The grand rush started as early as January, in the dead of winter, and the Indians went to war. In May, Dunmore tried to get the House of Burgesses to act. When they refused he told the mountain counties to raise armies, and he went with them.

The mountaineers had a dreadful time the summer of 1774, while the word was being carried from clearing to clearing to call the minute men to meet at Lewisburg on the first of September. The issue was either to fight or get out. The statesmen in the capitals of the colonies might

argue themselves hoarse as to the right of the British parliament to impose stamp taxes on deeds and notes, and the right to collect custom dues on imported goods. Those are words of peace and they have been the subject of debate in peaceful times since then.

In the mountains of western Virginia the people were arming to protect themselves and to justify their disobedience to the royal proclamation. To add to the confusion of the Virginians, Pennsylvania got angry and declared that no title should be perfected by Virginian surveys in any of the boundary claimed by it, which included Virginian territory almost as large as the present State of West Virginia.

But the new brand of liberty was in the air and inoculating the populace from the seaboard to the height of land. Almost on the very day that the biggest army America had seen rendezvoused at Lewisburg, the first continental congress met at Philadelphia, for the express purpose of assuring the king that Americans were loyal to him, and to petition him to make parliament and the ministers give America a square deal.

The army was American and fought for an American ideal, and asked no odds of London. Dunmore was with them. It was the climax of his life. He carried the war through to a glorious and successful conclusion, and never held up his head after he got back to the palace at Williamsburg. There he found serious charges from London against him. He justified himself as best he could, ate humble pie before the king, put himself to the work of combatting that curious brand of liberty that had been invented for the good of the souls of men, and so fades out of the picture. He was a good friend to the mountain people, but red tape got him and kept him out of the fruits of his victory.

By 1779, there was no question in the minds of the Virginia assembly that we were no longer a part of England. They then ignored the rights of the king and the Indians, and passed a law validating all claims to unpatented lands, and opened the land office. And the assembly went further and recognized a settler right as good without the scratch of the pen from anybody. The marking of a few trees around a spring, called a tomahawk right was as good as any if there was no opposing claim, and if there was the tomahawk owner hunted up another spring.

And they divided the counties on the Western Waters into four districts. Monongalia, Yohogania, and Ohio, was one district. Augusta, Botetourt, and Greenbrier another; Washington and Montgomery another; and the county of Kentucky another district. Four commissioners were appointed for each district. These commissioners traveled from place to place and granted lands by the thousands of tracts, and from their finding there was no appeal.

It is true that the Virginians under Dunmore and Lewis did not face British soldiers, but the Revolution was not a war against any particular enemy. It was based on the theory of the Declaration of Independence, that the United States of America are free and independent states with power to do all things that independent nations have the right to do. And this declaration was the somewhat belated expression of the principles of liberty that had been exemplified by the battles of the American soldiers, and the acts of the respective colonies from the first overt act, that of assembling an army of volunteers at Lewisburg. Then is when



the American first asserted himself, and our independence faced, east, west, north and south.

The battle of Point Pleasant was the first battle of the Revolution. And as to our wiping out all the flaws from our titles, and the removing of all the clouds that lowered about our homes, I sometimes think that they were the most revolutionary of all the things that went to make up the Revolutionary War.

#### CHAPTER IV

*The Midland Trail the War Road of the Shawnees under Cornstalk. An Interpretation of the Hannah Dennis Captivity.*

The Midland Trail crosses West Virginia through the counties of Greenbrier, Fayette, Kanawha, Putnam, and Cabell, all of which were once parts of Greenbrier County, and I feel that I ought not leave the subject of this great highway without recording some of the most important historical events that occurred along the trail in the Greenbrier settlements.

The Greenbrier Valley was once a choice hunting ground for its treeless plains afforded much range for buffalo, elk and deer. West Virginia was never much of a buffalo country but there were enough buffalo here to afford the primitive hunter an occasional shot, and to leave its mark in the way of names for many places and natural objects.

The first settlements were made in Pocahontas County on the Greenbrier, but as soon as the wider pastures around Lewisburg and Union were realized by the immigrants, the lower valley soon became the most populous and powerful.

At first the settlers around Lewisburg did not realize that they were on the trail that brought the hostile Shawnee east, and it was not until a large number of the settlers were killed and the settlements broken up, that they woke to the dangers of their position.

It is set down in history generally that after the Clendenin massacre in 1763, that all the settlers who were not killed in the Big Levels removed east of the mountains, but I have reason to believe that at least one settler remained in his cabin. He was a short distance off of the trail but in a way, the knob to which he gave the name was in sight of the passway.

I am satisfied in my own mind that William Price, the weaver, continued to occupy his cabin on Weavers Knob north of Lewisburg from 1749 until his death after the Revolutionary War.

Every few days I get letters asking me if I can give any particulars about certain ancestors of persons who would like to trace their line back to the immigrant. These requests from all over the United States leave me helpless, for while it would be quite possible no doubt to trace the line, it would be a matter of months' steady work, and there is no work more galling than that of the genealogist. These persons seem to think that a family tree can be furnished by return mail. I have to tell them that I cannot make the long and expensive searches. And I do not crave to be a genealogist for hire for the reason that there is the

great temptation to furnish ancestors whether the record justifies it or not. The prayer is to Lead us, but not into temptation.

But I was so bedevilled with inquiries about the Price descent in the Greenbrier Valley, that I did look into that question a little and I unearthed a pretty kettle of fish, let me tell you.

There seems to have been two men in a small Hundred in Wales. And William Price, weaver, executed to Hugh Donnelly, cordwainer, a note for two hundred pounds, equivalent to about a thousand dollars. A cordwainer was a shoemaker. I know nothing about the transaction or the merits of it. But it seems that William Price came to Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and that Hugh Donnelly followed him there, and that then William Price came to Staunton Virginia, where Hugh Donnelly again caught up with him, and brought suit on the note, and the judgment not being paid, William Price, was committed to prison. Note this that in those days, 1749, the criminal and the malefactor, were committed to jail, but that the unfortunate debtor was committed to prison. The two words were not synonymous.

In England, the debtors' prisons were elaborate affairs with rooms around four sides and a large court in the middle, and the debtors carried on a more or less futile life with their liberty confined to the rooms and yards of the institution. But in Virginia, the towns were all small and the rule was to make prison bounds of about ten acres so as to include taverns, stores, churches, so that the prisoner could have the run of the town like a high-class pauper in the county infirmary.

During the year of 1749, William Price, having become tired of town life broke prison and the next we hear of him was at his home in the Big Levels of Greenbrier, and there can be little or no question that he did not refugee back to Augusta on the account of any such thing as an Indian uprising. He rounded out his life on those plains and after the Revolution he was granted the land that he had in possession so long. And in addition, it is a fair conjecture that Hugh Donnelly followed him to the Greenbrier Valley and took up land contiguous to William Price, at Donnellys Fort, and that he and William Price lived as neighbors and friends for many years, and that no doubt the little matter of a couple hundred pounds sterling was fixed up between them.

I claim descent from that William Price and a great many hundred others in the counties lying round about, but the Price name is getting scarce in the mountains. That William Price had three sons, and they perpetuated the name, but they have scattered far and wide. I do not know how the proud descendants of William Price will like my claiming him as my ancestor, but I am very proud of him myself. I think that the money matter must surely have been adjusted satisfactory to Hugh Donnelly, and that they had a peaceful and happy old age, and saw the United States formed and flourishing. I think I can say that there is very little disposition on the part of his blood to hire money. I have in mind such persons as the late J. Washington Price, Hon. Jesse Bright, Dr. J. W. Price and others.

No history of the Midland Trail would be complete without mention of the Cornstalk massacre and the siege of Fort Donnelly in the Big Levels.

Cornstalk as a soldier, statesman, and friend was satisfactory to all the world except to those of us living in a sort of Grisons canton, composed of the counties where Cornstalk slew hundreds of the pioneer, sparing neither young nor old, male or female. It is fit and proper that the rest of the world should adore this dangerous old savage, but it is not proper that we should, for it stultifies us to accept the estimate placed upon his worth and character by third parties. We are the people that suffered from his forays, and we are the people that accepted the arbitrament of war upon the issue of who should occupy these lands, and we are the people who scattered his armies and destroyed him. We are willing to admit his good qualities and that he had good reasons to fight, but as we got the decision and kept the land, it does not lie in our mouths as descendants of those Indian fighters to put them in the wrong.

That one trip over the week-end at Clendennins, near Lewisburg, and on Kerrs Creek netted the savage chief Cornstalk something like two hundred white scalps in 1763.

It came about something like this. To begin with the settlers had taken up homes too near the highway. A house by the side of the road is not all that it is cracked up to be. In the first period, the people who lived too near the road were massacred. In the second period they were eaten out of house and home. And in this third period of skyhooting motor cars, they get nervous prostration.

Two years before, in 1761, the gay and festive Cornstalk with three inch silver saucers in his ears, and a nose ornament had led a party down to the country where the meeting of Cowpasture River and Jackson River forms the James River, and among other settlers he had killed and captured the Dennis family and the Renick family on Purgatory Creek. There were about sixty warriors in Cornstalk's party that trip.

They killed Robert Renick, the head of the house, and took Mrs. Renick and five children captive and carried them to their towns beyond the Ohio River. Four of the children were redeemed when Bouquet made the treaty in 1764. Betsy had died in the Indian Camps. Joshua would not come home, and he lived to be a great Indian chief. Mrs. Renick reached home in 1767. All the Renicks that I ever heard of were descendants of this Robert Renick.

Another family broken up was that of Joseph Dennis, wife and child. Dennis and the child were killed, and the wife, Hannah Dennis was carried into captivity to the towns. She is one of the heroines of pioneer times. It appears that she was separated from the other prisoners and there were many. Hannah Dennis found herself at the town of Chillicothe. She was a smart woman. She soon learned the Indian language and conformed to the manners and customs of the tribe. She paid attention to sick persons and administered medicines. And she professed to be a witch and prophetess and she became a sort of queen among the Indians. This was Cornstalk's home town and he was a wise man and she was a wise woman. She was undoubtedly a wonderful woman. She never gave up the idea of escape. After two years, she went forth one day to gather medicinal herbs, and she kept going. She crossed the Scioto River three times in forty miles and was just about to cross it again when her pursuers on the opposite side of the river discovered her

and fired upon her. In turning to run she injured her foot on a sharp stone, and to elude them she crept in the hollow limb of a large fallen sycamore where she remained all night, the Indians camping close by. She crossed the Ohio River at the mouth of the Kanawha River on a drift log and made her way by the Midland Trail to the Clendennin settlement where she was given food, and was taken on horseback to Fort Young at Covington. She had subsisted on roots and herbs, green grapes, and mild cherries, and fresh water mussels.

Cornstalk, the Solomon of his nation, finding that the Queen of Sheba had gone, though she took nothing with her, rounded up his team of sixty warriors and followed her up, and appeared in the Greenbrier settlement a day or two after Mrs. Dennis had passed through, and that is how Cornstalk came to take such heavy toll from the white men.

The old Indian trail led them to the headwaters of Muddy Creek where there were a number of clearings, and here the Indians appeared in small parties as visitors at every cabin. At a given time this settlement was entirely destroyed, and they then proceeded over the mountain to Clendennin's, before any word of the Muddy Creek massacre could be carried.

There was no great apprehension it appears at that time of danger from the Indians owing to the Bouquet treaty entered into the spring before. The settlers were curious to see friendly Indians. Clendennin had just come in from a successful hunt bringing in three elk. This fresh meat and the presence of an interesting party of Indians, under the personal supervision of the great chief Cornstalk, caused all the settlers living near Clendennin's to gather to the feast and Cornstalk expressed himself as being there as a friend. The Indians were all fed and treated with the greatest hospitality. Finally an old lady with an ulcer on her leg asked an Indian warrior if he knew of any cure for that disease, the Indians being noted for some of their lore of this kind. Perhaps the warriors remembered the loss of their famous women herb doctor, or perhaps at a signal, he said that he did know a cure for it, and promptly tomahawked the old lady, so that she died instantly, and the Indians then arose and killed or captured the whole settlement.

Thus perished something like a hundred of the intrepid pioneers who had come from the Augusta settlements to people that portion of Greenbrier. It is generally admitted that upon the news of this massacre reaching distant cabins that every white person in the Greenbrier Valley fled to the east of the mountains. But this not correct. I feel sure that neither the Donnelleys nor the Prices living some ten miles to the north, went back, and it is certain that the settlers in what is now Pocahontas county remained in their homes and stockades.

But still Cornstalk had not overtaken his valued captive, the wise woman, and he left his prisoners with guards and continued over the Allegheny. He passed near Fort Young where Mrs. Dennis was recuperating and passed over North Mountain and fell on the unsuspecting inhabitants of Kerrs Creek and killed and captured upwards of a hundred more, and with bells on his horses, and his plunder and his captives, he marched back in triumph to Chillicothe.

Mrs. Clendennin made a bold escape on Keeneys Knob by handing her infant to another prisoner, and jumping over the road and running down the mountain side. The Indians killed the child.

Mrs. Clendennin made her way to the Augusta settlements and returned to the place of the massacre, where she lived to be an old woman. Anne Royal, a woman writer, talked with her daughter about the occurrence in 1826, sixty-three years after.

The Shawnees continued to give us trouble culminating in Dunmore's War, when a great battle was fought at Point Pleasant, Cornstalk, in command, and in the front line of battle. A treaty of peace was made with Virginia through Dunmore by Cornstalk. This was in 1774. In 1776, the Revolution having begun, Great Britain succeeded in making an alliance with many Indian tribes, mostly through Gen. Hamilton, the hair-buyer, of Detroit. The Ohio tribes generally were drawn in, and the Six Nations turned their whole strength against the Americans.

In 1777, Cornstalk being in a quandary on account of his treaty with Virginia, appeared at the fort at Point Pleasant to confer with the commandant, Captain Arbuckle, as to what course he could pursue. Cornstalk said that it looked like every Indian tribe was going to join up with Great Britain, and that if they did, he saw nothing else for the Shawnees to do but to go with the stream.

Thereupon he was detained, and after a time an attack was made on two soldiers by Indians near the fort, and Gilmore, of Rockbridge county, killed. In retaliation, Rockbridge soldiers destroyed Cornstalk.

It was not long until it was apparent that the Shawnees were going to retaliate for the killing of Cornstalk. Within a few weeks a small band of Indians showed themselves outside of the fort at Point Pleasant, and Lieut. Moore and a party of soldiers were dispatched to drive them off. This party fell into ambush, and Moore and three soldiers were killed. The rest saved themselves by running back to the fort.

The next move on the part of the Shawnees to avenge the death of Cornstalk was the attack on Fort Donnelly, in Greenbrier county, north of the Midland Trail. Cornstalk alive or dead troubled the people of this valley.

In May, 1778, another party appeared at the fort at Point Pleasant, showing a few of their number, in the hopes that the garrison would rush out, as they did at Fort Henry, at Wheeling, and at Point Pleasant the year before. The garrison refusing to be drawn out, the Indians showed themselves in force and formed a line from the Ohio to the Kanawha, showing that several hundred were on the war path. They besieged the fort for a week, and one night they withdrew up the Kanawha. Captain McKee seeing in this a menace to the Greenbrier settlements called for volunteers to warn the people in Greenbrier. John Pryor and William Hammond volunteered.

These men disguised themselves as Indians and painted their faces and set out hot foot after the Indian army up the Midland Trail. They passed through the Indian army about where Rainelle is and carried the news to Fort Donnelly, the frontier post, and Captain Andrew Donnelly sent a messenger to warn Fort Savannah, now Lewisburg, under the command of Captain Stuart.

Pryor and Hammond remained at Fort Donnelly and the fort was put in a state of readiness. However, early next morning, John Pritchett, who worked for Donnelly, went to the woodpile for wood and was fired upon and killed, and the Indians immediately entered the stockade and attacked the kitchen door attempting to cut it to pieces with their hatchets. In the kitchen were Hammond, the courier and Dick Pointer, a negro slave belonging to Donnelly. Hammond armed Dick with a musket heavily loaded with swan shot, or as we would say, buckshot. Seeing that the door would soon be destroyed, Hammond threw it open and fired and killed an Indian, and Dick poured his load of buckshot into a throng of Indians. By that time, the rest of the garrison had wakened and they fired from the upstairs windows and there were seventeen dead Indians in the yard when the Indians drew off some distance.

Captain Stuart hearing that the fort had been attacked raised sixty-six men and with Col. Samuel Lewis, a son of Gen. Andrew Lewis, marched to their relief, arriving about two o'clock in the afternoon. They were able to enter the stockade without loss and the Indians kept up a fire until dark. Then an Indian called to the fort in broken English: "We want peace." He was invited to enter but declined. The Indians went back to their homes without gains. They had suffered a loss of at least twenty-five killed. The whites had lost four men. Pritchett at the first fire, Graham in the house, and James Burns and Alexander Ochiltree, who attempted to join the garrison, before daylight in the morning.

There were twenty-one men in the fort. The Indians numbered at least two hundred.

This was the last but one of the Indian raids into the Greenbrier Valley. The next year a war party appeared at Marlins Bottom and killed thirteen persons in the neighborhood, among whom were John and James Bridger and Henry Baker.

John Pryor who was one of the two famous scouts that carried the word to the Greenbrier Settlements the year before, was returning to Kanawha with his wife and infant child. The whole family were killed that dreadful day at some place near Mill Point.

Of Phillip Hammond, his companion, in that notable service, I have no further trace.

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## CHAPTER V

*How the White Indian, Dickinson came back to Capture Kitty Moffett. This is a Moving Picture.*

The Midland Trail crosses the Big Levels of Greenbrier Valley at the widest point. I have never seen anything just like these so-called levels that border the Greenbrier River on the west elevated some five hundred feet above the stream from the head of the stream to Ronceverte, something over a hundred miles. There the levels cross the river, or rather the river breaks through, and the result is that Monroe County gets the benefit of the rich, level lying land. They call them levels and ex-



plain that they are level plateaus, but they are really more like terraces than anything else. At the head of the West Fork of Greenbrier River, this terrace starts off with a width of about fifty feet and this broadens to fifteen or twenty miles where the Midland Trail cuts it.

The Allegheny Mountains divide the eastern and the western waters. To the east there is a great net work of streams like the Jackson River, Back Creek, Bull Pasture, Cow Pasture, Calf Pasture, on which are beautiful homesteads, and which marked the western boundary of the white man's land for many generations. This was grouped into a region often referred to as Newfoundland. The settlers in Newfoundland suffered terribly in the French and Indian war. Dinwiddie, Governor, could not understand why these settlers refugeeed to the Staunton settlements from the Indians, and he wrote them that if they abandoned their farms that they should not have them back after the war was over. He did not seem to understand that the Indian nations in the Ohio country swooped down on them by way of the Midland Trail and that against these raids isolated farms were helpless.

Dinwiddie was a nervous wretch. Braddock's Defeat seems to have broken him. He wrote complaining letters to the Augusta people wanting to know why they allowed themselves to be killed with impunity. But finally he and the assembly built a line of forts along the eastern foot of the Allegheny from the North Carolina line to Maryland and the Indians were held back.

After the Indians settled down a bit when Bouquet brought them to terms, the pioneers of Newfoundland commenced to covet the rich lands of the Greenbrier Valley. It did look like a hardship that the best and biggest valley of them all should be left to the Indians. Every hunter that came across on the western water to kill his winter meat saw richer land than any then in the white man's possession and it was not long until a steady stream of settlers flowed into this valley, and from the moment that the first pioneer trespassed on the Indian reservation, there was trouble with the mother country, which led up by slow stages to the war for independence.

Greenbrier valley was the last valley going west that runs north and south, but down where the Midland Trail lies, there is a great river which rises in North Carolina, traverses a great part of Virginia, and then turns and breaks entirely through the whole Appalachian chain of mountains. The New River. This river affects the contour of the Greenbrier valley in its lower and broader portions so that by following the Kanawha River and the New River for a distance the trail falls naturally into the Greenbrier Valley where the Midland Trail now runs, and from there through gaps in the Allegheny to the settlements of Augusta county. There is no place, north or south, where there is such a natural passway for the Indians in the olden days, and war parties were continually raiding the settlements, a condition that prevailed for about twelve years, when the Greenbrier Valley having been settled by white men formed a bulwark of protection to Newfoundland and Augusta.

There was no declared war after Bouquet brought the Indians to terms, but that did not mean that the killing stopped. It became a

matter of private enterprise. The settlers in the northern part of the Valley of Virginia suffered from raids from the Wyandots, the Delewares, and other Indian tribes inhabiting the northern part of Ohio, and they came east on trails known to them, but the powerful Shawnee nation furnished the bands that came through the New River passage and worried the settlers that had Staunton for their head town.

A raid originated something like this. An enterprising Indian would decide that he was ready for war, and on the first suitable council day when the tribe was present and ready to hear him, he would stick his war hatchet in the council post and dance toward the point of the compass where his enemy resided. Then he would come back and make an oration, in which he would first recount all the deeds of valor that he had accomplished as a warrior and the congregation would respond by frequent uh-hus, after the manner of saying amen. Then when he had presented his credentials as a first class fighting man, he would stage the object of his proposed raid, and paint a picture of plunder and carnage, the intention being to induce other warriors to join him in the project.

He would subside, and if the party was a go, some other warrior would take up the chant and as the warriors qualified they would remain in line and dance to the east while the speaking was going on. When a party of nine or more had been secured, they retired to their wigwams and the next morning they marched out of the village in Indian file, with faces painted, each warrior discharging his gun as he slowly passed the limits of the encampment. Such parties came east continually for twenty-five or thirty years and the white men got so that they believed that they could sense the presence of Indians in the community and so guard against them. The Indians dearly loved to attack lonely cabins while the men were absent and destroy or capture the women and children.

It was this habit of warfare that turned the pioneer into an avenging angel, and caused so many to devote their lives to the extermination of the red devils. Historians think that after a father had returned home to find his home in ashes and his wife and children dead and mutilated, that they were never sane after that, and he took toll from the Indian tribes.

It is well established that the white pioneers made up war parties with all the dances and ceremonies that the Indians used.

Occasionally a white man would become offended and join the Indians and such renegades were despised and abhorred. The worst thing that could be said about a white man was that he had painted his face. Then too there were very numerous cases of children who being captured and growing up with the Indians would not leave them. But that was a very different matter. Simon Girty was the most notable case of a white man that painted his face. He was supposed to have all the attributes of the devil, and yet when he was a British soldier at Fort Pitt, he was considered to be a very decent fellow.

Along about the French and Indian war a young man by the name of Dickinson left the Staunton settlements and went to the Shawnees. The Dickinson name has been one of the very best in the annals of Augusta county. There was a Dickinson on the first county court of

Augusta county. There is not much known about this boy that went to the Indians, and my research leads me to believe that it was the waywardness of youth and a hopeless love affair that sent him into voluntary exile.

The most that is known about him is his return to the Valley to capture his sweetheart and take her with him into that Indian country. In October, 1764, he came back as the head of a band of murderous Indians.

The girl in the case was a very beautiful young woman by the name of Kitty Moffett, who was the daughter of John Moffett, one of the first settlers of Augusta county. He married Mary Christian, and they had seven children, the oldest being the famous Col. George Moffett. John Moffett went on a journey to North Carolina and was never heard from again, and after a time his estate was administered upon. It was supposed that he had been killed by Indians. He was declared to be dead in 1749. Sometime after his widow married John Trimble. Their home was on Middle River near Staunton and not far from Churchville. They had one son, James Trimble, eight years old at the time of the Dickinson raid.

Dickinson was at the head of about nine warriors. He had evidently recruited them from some tribe that he had become a member of, for it was a rather queer aggregation of heathen, there being old men in it and very young boys, but they were dangerous. They came from the Shawnee country across the Big Levels of Greenbrier, and led by Dickinson did not strike until they reached Middle River, being the last raid that got that far east. They first appeared at the house of Alexander Crawford and killed him and his wife, and from there they marched down the river to John Trimble's and killed him as he was going out to plow.

There were at the house Kitty Moffett, who married and was now Mrs. Estill, the young boy James Trimble, and a slave, a Negro named Adam recently imported from Africa. Dickinson was well known to the family. He said to the boy James, "Come with me and I will make a good Indian out of you. But look at this (showing his father's scalp) if you do not come with me I will take your scalp also."

The Indians took four horses and loaded them with plunder from the Trimble homestead. They placed Mrs. Estill on a horse and Dickinson stayed close by her all the way. They made a quick get away and traveled west for five days.

Col. George Moffett on receipt of the news raised a company of eighteen Indian fighters and pursued the party fifteen hours behind them. At one place he thought he had lost the trail and was about to abandon the pursuit when he found his sister's garter hanging on a bush.

The white men came in sight of the Indians on the morning of the fifth day on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains near the White Sulphur Springs. It was determined to follow and attack the Indians at their next camping place after dark, and the parties moved west across the Big Levels. But at some time before the end of the day the Indians halted for the purpose of killing game and Dickinson left the party to go on a hunt. This must have been somewhere in the limits of Greenbrier County of today.

The whites not knowing that the Indians had halted pressed on silently and soon a shot rang out from a gun near them in advance and they supposed that they had been discovered. But it seems that the Indians had fired at a deer which came bounding back along the trail and came so close to the pursuers that one of them slapped it in the head with his hat and the deer then turned and ran back and was killed by the Indians. The men under Moffett then advanced and took the Indian party by surprise and fired on them and killed six of them. The other Indians scattered and all the prisoners were rescued and the return journey began.

Dickinson rallied his party of Indians and swinging around the white company lay in ambush before them, but fortunately the Virginians discovered the ambush in time to save themselves, and the only casualty was the wounding of a soldier by the name of Russell, who was carried back to his home in Augusta on a litter.

Soon after her return Mrs. Estill gave birth to her first child. Her husband was Benjamin Estill, a justice of Augusta County, at the time of the raid and a prominent man in the early history of the country. Soon after he moved to the Holston River. Captain John M. Estill, of Long Glade, Augusta county, was one of their sons, and Judge Benjamin Estill, a judge of southwest Virginia was another.

When the Indians were overtaken by the Virginians, they were resting easy in a sunlit glade. Mrs. Estill was sitting on a log sewing ruffles on a hunting shirt for Dickinson. Young James had been sent some little distance away to bring a bucket of drinking water.

There is some confusion about the date of this Dickinson raid into Augusta, but the county records fix it with a certainty as the year 1764. At the November Term, 1764, both the estate of Alexander Crawford and the estate of John Trimble, who had been killed by the Indians in October previous, were committed to administrators.

This was the last time that the Indians invaded the valley as far east as the Staunton settlements, and it is certain that John Trimble was the last person killed by the Indians in the present limits of Augusta County.

The little eight year old boy, James Trimble, had a hard time for five days keeping up with the Indians and acting as water boy and all around camp attendant. This James Trimble was afterwards Captain James Trimble of the Revolutionary war. He had to undergo cruelty and torture on the part of the Indian boys in the party. At the end of a long day's journey they would stand him up against a tree and throw tomahawks at him, burying them in the tree close to his body.

Adam, the Negro, lived to be a very old man in Augusta and never wearied talking of his experience with the Indians. He was a much-traveled person, having been reared in the jungles of Africa, enslaved, and worked on the farm, and then to undergo the captivity of the Indians. He said that he happened to find a large yellow jacket's nest on the line of march one warm day, and that he waited until the naked Indians came up, and then stirred the nest, and some of the Indians were stung and they were about to execute Adam then and there.

The Chief Dickinson was a well known warrior in the days that followed. Some warriors set him down as a half-breed, but I do not so read the sign. I think that he led a party of scrub warriors, young and old,

back to capture his sweetheart, and if it had not been for the prompt action on the part of her brother, Col. George Moffett, he would have succeeded.

There is some further record on Dickinson in the history of the Indian wars.

In the spring of 1774, Captain Jack Floyd, father of Governor Floyd, led a surveying party to the Ohio River to enter surveys in West Virginia and in Kentucky. The first survey that they entered, was two thousand acres for George Washington on the Coal and Kanawha Rivers, through which the Midland Trail now runs.

By the 26th of May they were well down the Ohio River near the mouth of Kentucky River. On that day they noticed a canoe with a red flag, on which there were two persons, coming down the river. The surveying party hailed them but they would not come to them, so the surveyors went to them and found they were two Indians, one of whom was named Dickinson. Dickinson showed a permit from Fort Pitt to travel the river, and he said that he was on his way to call the hunters in, for there was war between the Indians and the white people; that all the white people had left their habitations in the region of Fort Pitt. He said the white people and the Indians had had a skirmish and that sixteen Indians had been killed, thirteen Shawnees, two Mingos and one Delaware.

He evidently referred to the killing about the first of May near Wheeling and Yellow Creek.

This was the summer of 1774, when the Virginians were gathering at Lewisburg, to march to Point Pleasant, to fight a great battle with the tribes under Cornstalk. It was just ten years after the affair on Middle River, when John Trimble was killed. Young Trimble showed up in the Lewis Division from Augusta County, as did the soldier Russell, who had been shot by Dickinson ten years before.

These soldiers followed the Midland Trail to the Ohio, where they came near to being surprised by a great Indian army. The battle began at dawn at the place Point Pleasant stands, and continued until dark, on the 10th day of October, 1774, exactly ten years from the date of the affair on Middle River. Russell was fighting under the command of Gen. Andrew Lewis, and Dickinson was there as one of Cornstalk's braves.

Sometime during the course of the battle these two men entered into a combat, and Russell killed Dickinson with his hands, and that is the story of the white Indian, Dickinson. And a very good moving picture it would make, too.

My guess at the place where the Indians halted to enable hunt to be had before dark to get food to go on with, was at the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. We know that on the morning of the 15th day of October they had camped on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains near the White Sulphur Springs, and that from there they were followed for a part of the day by their pursuers.

Evidently Dickinson thought having got across to the Western Waters that he was safe from pursuit. It is something like fifteen miles to the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. Anyway, the Indians were at the foot of a mountain at a spring, and Muddy Creek Mountain answers the description of the mountain, and if some of the people residing in that

locality know where there is a spring where the Indian trail took up the mountain, it ought to be the place of the rescue.

The Midland Trail, the highway, does not cross Muddy Creek Mountain, but passes in sight of it and on the north.

It was the great passway, for having come by easy stages into the Greenbrier Valley, and crossed that the old timers found themselves on the waters of James River and an open road to the sea.

The way that war party retreated can be designated now by the following points: Middle River, Churchville, Buffalo Gap, Goshen, Panther Gap, Millboro, Clifton Forge, Covington, Callahans, White Sulphur Springs, Lewisburg, and Muddy Creek Mountain.

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## CHAPTER VI

*The Midland Trail was the Northern Route to Kentucky, shorter and more Convenient than the Wilderness Trail, but far more dangerous. Governor George Mathews kept a Trader's Outpost on Midland Trail at Lewisburg.*

The Midland Trail played its part in the stampede to take up the rich lands in Kentucky after the Revolutionary War. It was known as the Northern Route. The other and most popular line of travel was known as the Wilderness Road. The trails forked at or near Staunton. The pioneers who came by the way of New York or Philadelphia, or any of the eastern places in the north traveled south through the Valley of Virginia until they reached Staunton, and there they decided whether they would continue south through the Valley of Virginia to Crab Orchard and go in by the Wilderness Road, or whether they would go to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River and thence to Kentucky.

Much has been written about the perils of the Wilderness Road and there is no doubt that many immigrants were killed on that route, but the fact remains that all that commended the Wilderness Road to the traveler was its safety, and that is the reason that it was the favorite line of travel. The distance from the falls of the Ohio (Louisville) to Staunton by the Wilderness Road was five hundred and nine miles. On horseback the trip took something over a month.

Isaac Weld, an English writer, speaks of the great number of travelers that he saw all on horseback, traveling from Baltimore and Philadelphia to Kentucky and Tennessee. This on his visit to Staunton.

A great many Augusta county men were in the Revolution and they were entitled to land grants after the war for their service. The rich lands of Kentucky proved very attractive to hundreds of these Revolutionary soldiers and there was a great migration to the dark and bloody ground. Robertsons, Seviers, Moffetts, Poages, Allens, Trimbles, and all of the well known Augusta names had representatives in this exodus, and some of the most prominent Kentuckians trace their ancestry back to Augusta. Irvin S. Cobb, for instance, is of the Augusta Lewis descent.



It is not certain that the Northern Route was any shorter than the Wilderness Road, but as soon as the pioneer reached the mouth of Kellys Creek, at the place then called Boatyard, he could purchase a dugout canoe and float down the placid waters of the Kanawha and the Ohio. As soon as he had passed the white water of the New River, that way was easy from that time on, with the exception of the Indians watching from the north bank of the Ohio.

At Staunton, if the traveler decided to go by the Northern Route, he turned west through Buffalo Gap and came by the Warm Springs, and from there through the Narrows by Huntersville, to Marlins Bottom and then by the War Path of the Seneca Indians to some point near the White Sulphur Springs, where he turned west on the Midland Trail, through the rich lands of the Big Levels, and over Gauley Mountain.

There can be little doubt that the ghost of Cornstalk still walked and that after the party got beyond the settlements in Greenbrier that they were in hourly danger from the Indians, and that as they floated down the broad rivers they never knew what eyes observed them from the leafy coverts along the bank, or when lead would sing round their boats.

Washington must have made a trip over this Midland Trail, for he says in his will that he had been on his lands near the mouth of the Kanawha River. He says, too, that he and Gen. Andrew Lewis owned a tract of 250 acres surveyed so as to include the Burning Spring, on the Kanawha, or as he spells it Kanawa, River.\* For a number of years, Lewisburg was the frontier on the Midland Trail for the Kentucky travel, and all to the west was Indian infested. Lewisburg was then known as Fort Savannah.

When Lewis's army was camped at the big spring that made Lewisburg in the first instance, in 1774, there were no people living by the big spring. This may be accounted for in either of two ways. There is a great deal of rocky, difficult land around the spring, and this may have caused the land lookers to avoid it, but it is more reasonable to suppose that when the Greenbrier Land Company were making surveys some twenty-odd years prior to that date, that company had marked the spring and the land surrounding it for its own.

One of the captains under Lewis, was George Mathews, and while there he saw the advantage of the place as a trading post and when he had come back from the campaign, he opened a store there with his partner, another young Virginian, Captain Mathew Arbuckle.

This was the first settlement in the town of Lewisburg. This Captain George Mathews was a famous man in the annals of the Nation as well as these mountains.

He was the son of John Mathews, one of the first settlers on the Borden grant, in Augusta County. Sampson Archer settled about this time in Augusta County. One of the daughters was Ann Archer, and she and John Mathews were married. George Mathews was born in 1739. He

\* General Washington and Andrew Lewis were joint owners of a survey at the "Burning Springs," on the Kanawha, a few miles above Charleston. The tract was supposed to be 250 acres, but by actual survey was found to contain 587. Lewis visited this land, but Washington at no time ever saw it. His nearest approach was in 1770, when he followed the Kanawha for about fourteen miles from its mouth, then returned to the Ohio. Washington was, then, within forty-four miles of his "Burning Springs" land.—B. B. S.

was a brother of the first Sampson Mathews, there being three of that name in successive generations. The first Sampson Mathews was colonel of Augusta County.

John Mathews had eleven children and their descendants are scattered far and wide, but the Mathews blood tells for good, faith, honor, and ability wherever found.

Another son John Mathews, Jr., settled early in the forks of James River and he and his wife and six children were killed by the Indians.

I want to devote some space here to George Mathews, the trader at Lewisburg for one or two years between Dunmore's war and the main Revolution.

George Mathews won his spurs and fame when he was twenty-two years old. When the Cornstalk raid was made in 1761, to Purgatory Creek, near Buchanan, on the James River, at the time that the Renicks, Smiths and Dennises suffered, George Mathews was on his way to that settlement on horseback and heard the firing of the guns, but paid no particular attention to it. Mrs. Robert Renick was an aunt of George Mathews.

When he found the dead bodies, he recruited twenty-one men, and as their leader followed up the Indians and killed nine of them.

It was this prompt and efficient action that gained him a captaincy in Dunmore's war. In 1776, when the colonies were arming for the great conflict with Great Britain, George Mathews was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, which was ordered north to join Washington. Col. Fleming dying soon after the regiment was formed, Mathews was made a full colonel and led it during the Burgoyne campaigns in the north.

He was regarded by Washington as an invaluable soldier and officer—one who could be relied upon to carry out and execute any order given. On October 3, 1777, Washington conceived the plan of surprising Howe in a night attack in Germantown, after the manner of the Trenton affair. He formed his army into several divisions and marched on to Germantown. The Ninth Virginia was one of the few regiments if not the only one that carried out instructions to the letter, and that regiment led by Mathews fought its way into the very heart of Germantown, while many of the divisions never even reached the city. Being surrounded by an overwhelming force, the regiment was surrendered, and Mathews spent several years as a prisoner of war in a prison ship in New York harbor.

Being exchanged about 1781, he was ordered to join Gen. Greene in South Carolina, and he served to the end of the war as commander of the Third Virginia Regiment. While on this campaign, he saw a place in Georgia that he liked, and he bought it, and moved there in 1784.

He came out of the Revolutionary War with the rank of general. General Mathews was a short, thick man, standing very erect, and carrying his head thrown back. His features were bluff, his hair light red and his complexion florid.

He was married three times. His first wife and the mother of his children was Anne Paul of Augusta, a step-daughter of Col. David Stewart. His second wife was a Mrs. Reed, of Augusta County, from whom he was divorced, and his third wife a Mrs. Flowers, of Mississippi.

The Mathews family claims descent from Samuel Mathews one of five commissioners sent by King James to the colony of Virginia in 1622, but the Augusta County descent that has produced so many great men dates from John Mathews, who went to the mountains, and married Ann Archer. It was this union that really founded the family as we know it. It is a fact observed by students of history that great families date back to some particularly happy marriage that seems to extend its blessings to many generations.

General Mathews was elected governor of Georgia in 1786, two years after he had moved from Augusta County to that State. His first term was served without making much history, and after it had ended he was elected as the first representative in Congress from the State of Georgia. He served one term in Congress, and on his return, in 1794, he was again elected governor of Georgia, and it was during that term of office that fur began to fly.

Georgia claimed all the land lying between her present borders and the Mississippi River, now contained in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. It is true that she did not have much title to it, but it was customary for States on the Atlantic seaboard to claim all land back of them until stopped by the bounds of Spain or France.

Four companies, known as the Georgia Company, Georgia-Mississippi Company, Tennessee Company, and Upper Mississippi Company, as tenants in common offered the legislature a half million dollars for thirty-five million acres of land at the rate of about a cent and a half an acre. The governor opposed the bill but he was induced to sign it.

One of the members of the legislature was General Samuel Blackburn, who had married Ann Mathews, the oldest daughter of the governor. He had voted for the bill.

As soon as the legislature had adjourned a storm of protest went up from the whole State of Georgia, and the transaction was at once dubbed the Yazoo Fraud, and Blackburn fled before the anger of the State, but the Governor faced them like an angry bull. Blackburn came to Staunton where he passed the remainder of his life, being one of the most noted trial lawyers and orators that Virginia has ever produced.

Governor Gilmer in his writings speaks of hearing Blackburn defend a person charged with murder at Harrisonburg. In the poor house of Rockingham County, two paupers fought. They were each over eighty years old. One killed the other. The dispute was over the ownership of a cucumber. The only eye-witness was over ninety years.

General Mathews acknowledged but one superior and that was Washington. The State of Georgia threw a fit. They elected a legislature to repeal the land sale, the Yazoo Fraud. Not a vote opposed the repeal. And it was further ordered that the pages of the journals and record books and the bill itself be burnt in front of the capitol in the presence of the legislature. James Jackson had resigned a seat in the United States Senate to be elected to that legislature, and when the papers were ready to be burned, he produced a sun glass and called down the fire from heaven to destroy the fell works.

The Yazoo Fraud got into Congress, and John Randolph, the leader of the Democrats, then in the majority, made it live hard. It was a favorite subject for his bitter eloquence.

John Randolph must have been a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the ordinary peace-loving citizen. He was a kind of a scorpion and rattlesnake and mad dog combined. He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and he swore by all that was good and bad that never should the Yazoo title be fixed up or compromised, and right there is where he ran athwart of one Madison, then in the cabinet, and afterwards President. While the diatribes of John Randolph of Roanoke, make interesting reading about this deplorable chapter of Georgia history, he alienated a great many level-headed people by reason of them.

John Marshall, of the Supreme Court of the United States, as clear-headed a lawyer as ever lived, propounded the question to the effect that if a court could inquire into the question of the good faith of a legislative body passing bills, would it not defeat the plan of American government? And the act repealing the Yazoo grant was held to be unconstitutional as abrogating a contract.

The water was so hot in Georgia, that every person in anywise connected with the Yazoo grant was accused of fraud and corruption. Historians clear the General of any wrong in connection with the act of the legislature. But the fact remains that they made it so uncomfortable for him that he finally refuged to Florida, then a sort of no man's land, not stoutly held by any government.

He was a Federalist in politics with Washington and Adams. That is, he belonged to the party that favored a Constitution and a closer union of the States. Adams, becoming President, and the General being at leisure in the wastes of Florida, the President appointed him governor of the territory of Mississippi, but the Senators making a row about it, the appointment was withdrawn. General Mathews rode to Philadelphia on horseback and mounted at the front door of the President's house, and walked in wearing his old army sword and his three-cornered cocked hat, and proceeded to cuss Adams out. But the President pacified him and sent him home satisfied.

The next and last great mission of General Mathews was in connection with Florida. In 1813, James Madison was President. He had condoned the Yazoo business by trying to compromise it. So he appointed General Mathews and Colonel John McKee receivers for the great colony of Florida. This was Spain's colony, but Napoleon had conquered Spain, and the English were driving the French out of Spain, and it seemed to Madison that Great Britain would seize Florida, and there was a war on between the United States and Great Britain.

The commissioners were instructed to receive that country if surrendered by the Spanish authorities voluntarily, and to take it by force if any other foreign power attempted to take it.

The commissioners did exactly what Andrew Jackson did a few years after. They recruited an army of their own just as Old Hickory did, and raised the United States flag over the Spanish capital, over the protest of the Spanish authorities.

This seizure was nullified by the President who recalled the General and ordered him to restore the country to Spain.

The General flew into a tremendous rage and started to Washington to have it out with the President. Some say that he threatened to beat him up. But he fell sick and died at Augusta, Georgia, on the thirtieth day of September, 1812, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Andrew Jackson a few years later seized Florida in the same way and Spain made to the United States a quit claim deed for the State, in consideration of a quit claim to Texas on our part, and that the United States would pay five million dollars to American citizens who had been injured by the Spanish navy.

I have taken up a good deal of space in writing about the sturdy old general, but I have never seen his life written up in West Virginia history before.

Great strains of blood spring from great marriages. It never runs out. Such marriages as John Mathews and Ann Archer, Jacob Warwick and Mary Vance, John Lewis and Margaret Lynn, William Randolph and Mary Isham, and many others that could be named.

In *Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France*, published in *Liberty*, issue of November 20, 1926, is this entry:

"Alex Mathews is dead. He was walking across the airdome after a movie show over at 48, and a Hun bomber saw the light when the door was opened, and dropped a 212 pound bomb on him."

This a Mathews of the youngest generation, serving with great distinction as an aviator in the World War.

What I started to say away back in the beginning of this chapter was that Captain George Mathews opened the trading post at the Big Spring on the Midland Trail.

The war clouds continued to gather and it was selected as the fort for that community. It was enclosed in a stockade in size about what is now a city block, with a great gateway opening on to and next to the spring, and extending back across Main Street, which sheltered something over five hundred people in the summers of the Revolution. You can find the place, but when they point out to you some solid stone masonry as a part of the fort, take that with a grain of salt, for Indian forts were made of wood.

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## CHAPTER VII

*John Field clad only in his shirt ran eighty miles over the Midland Trail without stopping, longest Marathon Race ever run. Thoughts of Indian Torture proved to be a Splendid Spur.*

The Midland Trail is the kind of a path on which you can find such places as the White Sulphur Springs, and such cities as Charleston and Huntington. Charleston and Huntington, rival cities, challenging each to each, both putting on as much dog as little old New York. And having sat with gladness in the hospitality of such places, to come to a part of the road where the wild flowers are nodding in the wind, where the wild

fox digs his hole unscared, I think theme may be something in these violent contrasts. I do not think that it is the scenery that makes me rave and write about the Midland Trail and all that the name implies. If any one is inured to scenery it is certainly this writer. I was raised on it. I can write about it even if I cannot talk about it.

The more experience I have in talking the more I think of writing. It is a harmless pastime for the writer and the reader can either take it or leave it alone. There is no compulsion about it. Lately I have been shouting all over the State trying to keep the teachers awake until I have nearly cracked my voice.

I hate to mark those stifled yawns,  
In fat gazelles in dotted lawns,  
Or watch the tides of sleep arise,  
In yon pale lady's tired eyes.

But in this cross-section that is known as the Midland Trail you see all that is to be seen in the way of grandeur and beauty and art, except the surf and the desert.

Up until the automobile came the record for quick traveling over this trail was held by Captain John Field who in the summer of 1774 ran from Kelly's place twelve miles below the Kanawha Falls to Arbuckle's Fort on Muddy Creek, between Lewisburg and Alderson, a distance of eighty miles without stopping, clad only in his shirt. He arrived tired and hungry and badly lacerated by the briers and brush. Ordinarily it took three days to march this distance from Kelly's to Kelly's, but Captain Field made it without stopping. He was a man fifty-four years of age and his splendid spur was the thought of torture by the Indians.

John Field was a citizen of Culpepper. He had served in Braddock's War and under Bouquet. He was one of the many surveyors who went into the Kentucky and Kanawha countries to survey land under the military scrip gotten from the English government for service in the Indian wars. He had gone to the Kanawha Falls country with two servants, a Scotchman and a Negro woman cook. In the summer runners were sent through the woods to warn the surveying parties that the Indians were up and that they had better withdraw. There was a Kelly place on Muddy Creek near the Big Levels on the Greenbrier and another Kelly place at the mouth of Kelly's Creek below the great falls. This Kelly Creek crosses the Midland Trail. Walter Kelly lived on the Kanawha and when the runners came from Greenbrier sent out by Col. John Stuart, Walter Kelly sent all of his family under the care of his younger brother back to Greenbrier, but he remained with Field and the two servants at Kelly's Creek with the intention of going on with the surveys. This was in July. The family of Walter Kelly reached the Greenbrier settlement safely. Col. Stuart took some soldiers and went westward but they soon met Field. It then appeared that soon after the Kelly family had started home that Indians surprised the Kelly house in Kanawha, and fired on Field and Kelly as they were shifting some leather which was tanning in a vat in the yard. It is probably true that Walter Kelly who raised a crop of corn at the mouth of Kelly's Creek in the year 1774 was the first settler of Kanawha County. At the fire Walter Kelly was killed and Field escaped.



The Indians then killed the Negro woman and took the Scotchman prisoner, and this prisoner was not afterwards heard from.

The Kellys were to suffer more losses from the Indians. About the first of August a party of Indians came near Kellys on Muddy Creek. The younger brother of Walter Kelly who had just been killed and scalped on Kelly's Creek, was walking near the house with a daughter of Walter Kelly. They were fired upon and young Kelly killed and scalped and the girl carried into captivity.

This is the true statement of the fate of the Kelly brothers, one killed on the Great Kanawha River and the other on Muddy Creek. There is no reason to doubt this. There has been some confusion as to this, some saying one thing and some another, trying to reconcile the tradition of one Kelly being killed by the Indians at widely separated places. Two Kellys and within a few days of each other, about eighty miles apart.

John Field being hunted out of the Kanawha Valley became a partisan of the Lewises and spent some time in raising a company for the Point Pleasant campaign. He made a hurried trip to Culpepper and raised a company of thirty-five men and these were the Culpepper men who came across the Blue Ridge Mountains to join the war waged by the mountaineers.

Field reached Lewisburg with this small company and made a demand that as he had outranked Andrew Lewis in the Bouquet war that by rights he ought to have command, but Andrew Lewis was county colonel of Botetourt, and he was made commander in chief. Whereupon, Field was angry and marched away off to one side of the main army, but by the time that Field had reached Meadow River, somewhere near Rainelle, Indians fired on his company, and that caused him to close up with the main army, where he was mollified as being listed with the rank of colonel but had charge of only thirty-five men.

At the battle of Point Pleasant, Col. Charles Lewis was killed at the first onset and the men gave back under the attack, and they were rallied by Col. Field approaching with reinforcements, but later in the day Col. Field was also killed.

Col. William Christian in a letter written on the 15th day of October, 1774, said that Col. Field had gotten behind a great tree and that an Indian near him talked to him to draw his attention while some other Indians on the right hand of the tree behind some logs shot him.

It will be seen then that the last two months of the life of John Field would make a basis for a historical romance if anyone desired to develop the character of an outstanding pioneer in that way. By gum, if I had time, I would do it myself.

Here was a man who had won fame as a young man in two great campaigns. He returned to the sheltered life in Culpepper. Then when the great land boom came in 1774, when Washington and other shrewd land-hungry Americans found a way to make a breach in the mountains and acquire Indian land in the reservation, John Field burnishes up his compass, and taking a raw Scotch immigrant and colored mammy to cook, turns his back on the luxurious life in the lowlands and wins his way across the terrifying mountains until he comes to Walter Kelly's on the Kanawha. Walter Kelly had established the outpost of the settlements,

but he was not inviting any company. He had come nearly a hundred miles west so that he would not be disturbed. He had urgent reasons for remaining secluded. Something to do with an issue raised in North Carolina. And here in 1774 he found that he lived on a highway and he tasted the first onrush of the Midland Trail. April 14, 1774, Surveyor Jack Floyd's party of eight men came to his house. They were surveying for Washington and others. Thomas Hanson kept a journal of the expedition. At the mouth of Elk River they made a canoe which they called the Good Hope, and drifted down the river and surveyed 2,000 acres for Col. Washington bordered by the Coal River and the Canawagh River. And by the way, Hanson spells the name of the river C-O-A-L.\* This party does not seem to have disturbed Walter Kelly, but later when Field and his party came to put up with him, Kelly got restive, sent his family back to the settlements and was figuring on some way to stop on and save his corn crop and get rid of his visitors, when his life was cut short by Indian warriors.

Field then being the only survivor and making his escape by the skin of his teeth in his shirt tail devoted the rest of his life to war on the Indians.

Hanson caught a pike at the mouth of Elk River forty-three inches long.

Field refused at Camp Union to submit to the leadership of Andrew Lewis. Charles Lewis marched his detachment first and Field took his company on as an independent command until they got to the banks of Little Meadow River. Here two hunters by the name of Clay and Coward went to hunt deer and encountered two Indians. The Indians shot and killed Coward and before they could scalp him, Clay killed one of the Indians. The other Indian escaped and took the report of the advance of the army to the Shawnee towns. This was on the 10th day of September, 1774. Field then waited until Andrew Lewis came up with the main army and while that army was encamped in a meadow or Savannah on Meadow River, he brought his men into camp and after that harmony prevailed.

The Midland Trail skirts the brink of the New River canyon on the south side of Gauley Mountain and comes down to the edge of the New River just above the mouth of Gauley River. But the army avoided that awe-inspiring gorge and turned to the right and crossed over Gauley Mountain and came down on Gauley River. Fleming records the facts that Gauley collects the waters betwixt the Greenbrier River and the Elk River. They marched down Gauley River and crossed over to the headwaters of Kelly's Creek by way of Bell's Creek on the line between Nicholas County and Fayette County. They marched down Kelly's Creek to the Kanawha River. Kelly's place was found to be about a half mile from the river. Here Fleming places Paw Paw trees, the flowering Poplar, and leatherwood. They found coal which burned well.

\*John Peter Salley was the discoverer of this stream in 1742, and was the first to traverse its full length. He named the stream "Coal River." It has been asserted that the original name was "Cole" in honor of a soldier who served in Lewis' Big Sandy expedition in 1756, but the daily journal kept by Salley disproves the statement. In the journal the following entry was made: "In these mountains we found great plenty of Coal for which we named it (the stream) COAL RIVER."—B. B. S.

The name of the town at the mouth of Kelly's Creek is now Cedar Grove, but for many years it was known as Kelly's Station. A fort was built there in 1774 or shortly after by Captain William Morris who was a member of Captain Arbuckle's company and who was wounded at Point Pleasant. It was the head of navigation of the Kanawha River. In the years that followed it was the end of one of the Kentucky trails, and was the place that the immigrants came to navigable water on their westward journey to the rich lands of Kentucky. Here they dug out canoes and floated with the stream to Kentucky. It was a most important place.

After a time when the fort had rotted down it was known as the Boat Yards.

Now it is in the rich coal fields. It is in Cabin Creek district. Above and on the opposite side of the river is Paint Creek and below and across the river is Cabin Creek.

If I get the time, I want to go down to the Kelly place and follow up the line of travel that the army took in 1774. It would be a very interesting expedition to go there with Fleming's journal, and also his orderly book in hand and tramp over the route of that army.

There is tradition that I would like to verify, too. Fayette County was formed in the year 1831, from the counties of Logan, Greenbrier, Nicholas, and Kanawha. It fixes the boundary on the Nicholas side as coming to the mouth of Bell's Creek and running up and with the same to the house of James Nicholas, and from thence a straight line to Rock Camp, on the line between Kanawha and Nicholas, thence a straight line to Kanawha River. They say that in after years that considerable confusion arose about the lines on Bell Creek, as to the residence of certain citizens, and upon the matter being investigated, it was found that James Nicholas moved several times as his clearing extended up the creek that he lived upon, and that every time that he moved he took the county line with him. As I heard it the matter was adjusted by locating the original Nicholas homestead and fixing the lines to corner at that point.

There is another tradition about a kink in the line of Fayette County that is of great interest. It will be noticed that on its western boundary that the line between Fayette and Kanawha running south comes to the Kanawha River so as to leave Cannelton in Kanawha, and then follows the river down for about a mile and then continues south so as to throw Montgomery into Fayette County. As I heard it, when the new county was proposed, this line crossed the river where it cornered on the river, but the owner of a farm at that place on the south side of the river, Col. Montgomery, hearing about the proposed measure, and being at outs with the then government of Kanawha County, hot-footed to Richmond, and had the line so adjusted that his land was included within the new bounds of Fayette County. By this adventitious circumstance the large and important city of Montgomery was destined to be in Fayette County.

Montgomery is a fine city. I knew it when we both were young and we went the pace and went it blind. Twenty-five years ago Montgomery was in its hectic youth and its saloons sold a brand that would enable a man to go home and argue with his mother-in-law. The only honest-to-goodness dance-halls that I ever saw in my life, were in the moving pic-

tures, and in Montgomery. But that is all changed now. Montgomery is noted for culture, schools, science, and art. I saw one of the best college publications that came from there the other day. It was the issue of its college paper of August 11th. You cross over dry shod on a bridge from the Midland Trail. When my wife and I were tourists, we paid the town the greatest compliment that a tourist can pay to a community, we stopped overnight there both going and coming. And they have a doctor there of the kind that causes the world to make a path to his door. The time is coming, if it has not already come for the people down the river to speak of that town as Kanawha Irredenta.

There is another place along the Midland Trail that I hope that the bright-eyed youngsters will look out for. I do not know how long a tree will live in this climate. Certainly not the hundreds and thousands of years that some enthusiastic tree lovers assert. But two hundred and fifty-five years ago, Thomas Batts and Robert Fallam came to the Kanawha Falls on the 17th day of September, 1671. They had been commissioned by General Wood to make an expedition to the west and to go through Appalachian Mountains until they came to the waters of the South Sea, and there ascertain the ebbing and the flowing of the waters on that side of the mountains so that a discovery of the South Sea might be accomplished. They were to go until they came to the tidewater rivers so common in Virginia, at Petersburg from whence they started. A third man was commissioned at the same time, Thomas Woods, but he fell sick and died before he reached the end of the journey.

The explorers found four trees in a row and marked them for the king. They took possession of the country in these words: "Long live Charles the Second, by grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia, and of all the territory thereunto belonging, defender of the faith, etc." They bared some places on the trunk of the tree and with marking irons burned C. R. and the royal arms, and placed various letters including W. B. for Governor Sir William Berkeley and A. W. for General Wood. These trees if they have not been destroyed are somewhere in the region of the great falls.

They traveled northwest from the extreme headwaters of Roanoke River for seventy-one miles and when they were thoroughly well satisfied that they had reached the place on the Great Kanawha where the tide ebbed and flowed they took possession in the name of the king and went back home again.

The trees stood on the other side of the river, I think, and they are on the hill for after the trees were marked the explorers went to the river's edge but with great difficulty on account of the thorns on the locust and the dense brush. This would correspond with the terrace on which the town of Kanawha Falls is built.

## CHAPTER VIII

*As you approach the break between the States of Virginia and West Virginia take note of the Mineral Waters. The greatest variety of Mineral Springs in the World as well as the Boldest.*

Mineral waters affect me differently. The absorption of natural tonics inclines me to dance, hunt, fish, golf, lie and romance around. To eat, drink and be merry. The theory is to go to the springs and be sedate and build up for the battle of life. But so far all the effect that it has had on me is to increase my capacity for pleasure and the question has been not so much whether I could come back stronger and better for the experience, but whether I could go there and retain my Christian integrity.

If you have followed me this far, I would remind you that in writing on the subject of mineral waters, that I approach it from a viewpoint of an observer who has lived all his life in the heart of the most prolific region of mineral springs to be found anywhere in the world.

One of my earliest recollections is that of helping a gentleman gather up and place a few hundredweight of second-hand horseshoes and other scrap iron in the flow of a celebrated chalybeate spring and cover up the place. The object was to improve the quality of the water. I think now that it was a harmless experiment and that it was in no wise to be compared to the salting of a mine. My part of the work was to accumulate the iron. I got five cents for my part of the dirty work.

Later on, it was a matter of great interest to make a trip in a covered wagon across the mountains and observe the superior mortals who dallied around such summer resorts as the Hot Springs, the Warm Springs, the Bath Alum and Millboro Springs, all of which lay on the road to the railway depot. There we saw a set of carefree mortals, and it never occurred to us young ones that these kind of people ever had any troubles and tribulations. I know better now.

There is a real value in the curative powers of mineral waters and many instances occur where persons are sent to the springs by anxious hearts at a cost that makes it a supreme sacrifice. It is a terrible drain on the family savings but it is given in hope of saving a loved one's life. And tragedy walks hand in hand with pleasure at watering places.

People of this section do not realize what a wonderful geological region they live in. There are so many tinctured waters that they have invented a word for water that does not have a pronounced mineral taste, and they call it freestone water, and prize it very highly.

The Encyclopedia Britannica lists the mineral waters of North America according to the German classification. It gives thirty springs in the United States and Canada as representing the best of the classes and subclasses, including such springs as the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and Saratoga Springs, of New York. Yet notwithstanding the immense area covered by the list, there are in it eleven springs in this vicinity.

Six indifferent or thermal springs are given. Local springs included in the list are the Healing Springs, Warm Springs, and Hot Springs of Bath County.

Six calcareous and earthy springs, of which the Sweet Springs, of Monroe County, Berkeley Springs of Morgan County, and Allegheny Springs, Montgomery County, are the local representatives.

Four sulphur springs: The two close by are the White Sulphur Springs, of Greenbrier County, and the Salt Sulphur Springs, of Monroe County.

Five iron springs: Included in the list are Rawley Springs, of Rockingham County, Sweet Chalybeate Springs, of Allegheny County, and Rockbridge Alum, of Rockbridge County.

The classes in which this region does not take first place are epsom salts, common salt, glauber salt, and alkaline. Other States take supremacy in those.

The reason of the great abundance of mineral waters in the mountains is stated as follows. The Devonian and Silurian formations which overlie the Eozoic rocks along the course of the Appalachian range, especially in Virginia and West Virginia, have been greatly fissured—the faulting of the strata in some places of enormous magnitude—by the series of upheavals which gave rise to the many parallel mountain ridges along the lines of fault.

In other words, the Accordion Mountains. The surface of the earth once stretched far and wide. Then it folded like an accordion, and the ridges appeared. If you do not know what an accordion is it can be stated that it is a musical bellows. Now when the earth's crust gets to folding up like a bellows, there is apt to be some fracture of the strata, for there is only a limited amount of elasticity to the rock beds, and the dislocation caused by the slipping of rock masses along the plane of fracture, is called a fault. In following a vein in mining it sometimes disappears, and it may be found many feet below on account of a subsidence of a considerable portion of the broken strata. But nature did such a neat job of folding up these mountains that there are surprisingly few faults, and most of our noble mountains west of the main break, the Allegheny, are due to erosion. Most of the ridges that run north and south are folded mountains and most of those which set some other way are eroded.

One naturally looks for the mineral waters then along the great break of the Allegheny Mountain dividing the two Virginias. But as a sort of a compensation to the people living west of the main break, nature provided a very important mineral water in vast quantities, and that is a calcareous or earthy water, known generally as limestone water. And but for its great plentifulness this would be the most valuable mineral water of all for it makes men grow strong and well and to attain great size, strength, and stature. In limestone countries look for six-footers. We call it hard water. It is cold, clear, invigorating, healthy. The housewife learns to qualify it by buying an alkali soap to wash clothes. Something in the nature of soda. The chemists of the kitchen know about it. At our house until the last year, we had a fine limestone water and when the new source of supply came to the town water works, and it commenced to use an indifferent water, or as we would say, a freestone



water, the soap bill for wash day was about one-tenth of what it was when we had to soften up the noble and calcareous mixture.

For years the main water supply of this town was a mixture of iron and salt and a few other powerful remedies, and in all the years, the chemists had not found any commercial soap that would qualify it and make it tractable. It was good to extinguish fires, and it was healthy to drink, though not so palatable. But they gave it up as a bad job and took a soft water.

But let us have a few more scientific observations. The folding of the mountains caused faults and fissures and the rains descended and the floods came and the cracks and crevices of the earth were filled and the water went deep and returned again to the surface, and a number of warm springs were found flowing. I have never seen a thermal spring that was not a bold and abundant flow and volume. It is unaffected by change in the seasons. Wet and dry weather does not affect it. Such springs go so deep into the surface of the earth and find such vast reservoirs, that they go on forever, unchanged. They take their temperature from heat deep in the bowels of the earth and they flow in such volume that they are not subject to much contamination in the way of nauseous minerals, but come forth bubbling with gas, and the water is the most palatable of all waters, in spite of its temperature. It is very different from the ordinary tepid water. The gentleman who chambers a gallon or two of the light, airy water fresh from the inferno rejoices like a strong man to run a race.

All through these mountain counties there are mineral springs. They are in such numbers that it may be said that no community is without them, and these offer to suffering humanity a cure for almost every ill. The fact is that the very number make mineral water so common that it is not valuable as mineral water. The great price that it brings in the cities represents labor and transportation. I had this experience. I drove down Anthony's Creek passing near where Alvon water comes out in such great abundance. The next day I was in Charleston at a great hotel. Feeling faint, in a moment of weakness, I ordered a bottle of this water to be used internally and the charge was fifty cents for a half-gallon bottle. This was about four times the price of gasoline. It shows what a man will give for a drink of water when he is away from home.

A light water. That is the kind that a person can carry easily. Those used to a moderate tumbler full of ordinary solid water, are surprised to find that they can chamber glass after glass of light water that rises from such great depths that it carries with it a great deal of gas. Thus a gallon of water from the Warm Springs if consumed in one drink, will furnish to airy, fairy Lillian four and one-half cubic inches of gas, and she will float away on the wings of the morning feeling fine.

The tradition of the Warm Springs is that a party of Indians on a forced march camped there one night and one of the warriors attracted by the temperature of the water bathed in it, and it was so agreeable that he found a suitable wallow and slept in the water all night. On the march being resumed the next morning, it was found that the Indian who had slept in the water had more speed and stamina than any other in the army, and he flew up the mountain like a bird, and ever after

that the magic of its waters were recognized. Long before settlers came to Bath County, the value of the water for bathing became known, and sick persons were carried there. There is no question as to value of these thermal waters to persons afflicted with rheumatism and a large number of other complaints that take the joy out of life.

The most luxurious resort is the Hot Springs but most of us Scots keep away from there on account of the worry attending the brooding over the scale of prices. There is such a thing as paying so much for food that it takes away the appetite. And while the visitor may be there for his health the hotel keeper is not. I have had experiences at the Hot Springs ranging from sleeping in the road at the railway depot under a covered wagon, to that of dining with the President of the United States. I have even had the experience there of meeting and being associated with a courteous caddy of an understanding heart, and that is making a bold and broad statement, but it is true.

The Warm Springs is the county seat town of Bath County and when I can first remember it, it was more important than the Hot Springs. That was before the millions were expended on the Hot Springs. My father used to preach at the Warm Springs. And then in the seventies he went there to attend a meeting of Lexington Presbytery, one of the most intellectual and powerful institutions in the world. It was my time to go to Presbytery and I went along. I have never forgotten the boiling caldron of water, appreciably warm to the taste. It was a round well-like spring covered with a round shelter. On the ground near the spring, I found a beautiful print, and I asked my father if I could have it. He hesitated for a moment to answer but said yes. It was a playing card, the three of diamonds, and I carried it home with me. The water flowed into great bathing pools and it maintained in these pools a temperature of ninety-eight degrees. The water is clear as clear can be and is thoroughly well charged with gas. At these springs in Bath County, bathing has reached its highest state of perfection.

Of all the vistas afforded by the Accordion Mountains, there is none more wonderful than the one from Warm Springs Mountain, where the innumerable crests of mountains can be seen as far as the eye can reach. Some delirious summer boarder remarked that it was like a dark blue sea of giant billows, instantly stricken solid by nature's magic wand.

For many years the wagon road ended at Bath Alum, at the eastern foot of Warm Springs Mountain, and this was the end of wagon transportation for emigration and trade. From that point on, it was pack-horses.

The Hot Springs is east of the great divide, but the other great watering place is in West Virginia west of the divide. It is in West Virginia between the Greenbrier River and the height of land. The Greenbrier River people are placed on the dividing line between the mineral waters of the east and the petroleum of the west. The White Sulphur Springs probably give the drinker more suspended matter than is to be found in any other nearby waters. At least I have always felt like there was some very substantial qualities to the water. I see it stated that by evaporation a hundred cubic inches of this water (between a quart and a half gallon) will yield sixty-three grains of solid matter. Or.

63.54 grains to be exact. It is a light palatable water and one readily sees that after the third or fourth glassful of this beautiful water that he would be well supplied with a number of healthful and invigorating grains.

Like so many other sulphur springs, this was a famous deer lick in the old days. Another tradition is that in 1772, a woman who was so sick that she was given up to die, was brought there on a litter. A poplar tree was felled and a large trough for bathing purposes was constructed with adz and axe. Sulphur water was put in it, and it was heated by placing hot stones in the water. The sick woman was bathed in the water thus prepared and she drank freely of the water from the spring. In a few weeks she went home cured.

It is a matter of utmost importance to Virginia and West Virginia to have the world realize the beauty and the importance of the mountain counties and nothing adds more to their attractiveness than the great number of beautiful springs all of which have curative values. These springs are so numerous that it may be said that they have never been numbered. They are to be found everywhere. Some of the most notable have fixed the sites of watering places, but there are many just as valuable which are disregarded and known only to those who live in the locality.

It is a day of easy and cheap transportation by means of the motor car and the world do move. About sixty-odd years ago, the powers that be staged a great Civil War which was fought for four years, largely in the zone of fracture, which divides Virginia and West Virginia, and after it had been kept up for years, the people of the cities had found other and safer resorts, and our watering places came out of the war all shot to pieces with much of their glory departed. They have not had the vogue since then that they once enjoyed.

But the country has increased in population and the motor car has come, and it may be that the mountains will once more come into their own.

About the best evidence that there is universal, internal heat in the interior of the earth is furnished by the great number of thermal springs that flow from this broken and disjointed mountain country.

For petroleum we know that one must look for a hermetically sealed container which is without a leak and in which the oil has been stored by the action of nature. And for warm springs one must look for some condition of the strata just the opposite, for these flowing springs are supplied by the rainfall and are rendered warm by traversing hidden channels under the surface.

Petroleum is a mineral like coal. There is a deposit and when it is exhausted it cannot be replenished under modern conditions. And petroleum is like water in that it will drain away if a leak occurs, but there is no power to restore it as has a spring that feeds from the rainfall. I asked an engineer how big was an oil pool? And he said: 'How long is a stick?' One well may be all that will touch a particular pool or there may be hundreds.

It is indefinite to say mineral water. Probably the White Sulphur Springs handles the extremes, Alvon water from up on Anthonys Creek

will probably show less than five grains of solids to the gallon and the water from the main sulphur spring shows one hundred and twenty-four grains to the gallon.

And then, too, in this country there is a dispute as to what is a thermal spring. There is no question about the hot springs, but what of the others that show no variation in temperature from atmospheric conditions? Do they not have the right to be called thermal and are they not extremely valuable on account of the tremendous purifying process they have undergone within the deep and vast confines of subterranean caverns?

Alum water is the heaviest and most powerful of all our iron springs. It is often so acid as to make it disagreeable to drink. The springs that give the red color to the soil from the flow of water are not the strongest necessarily in iron. It may be that other springs that do not have the red running water may taste strong of acid. The main quality of iron water is that of a tonic and the use of it greatly stimulates the appetite for plain and wholesome food.

In the plan to have the teacher from every sub-district in the State make a record of the predominant features of the sub-district, the thousands of notable mineral springs of the mountain counties will be listed and made available for inspection by any person interested.

In the meantime rest assured that the border counties on either side of the Great Divide, the Allegheny Mountain, in West Virginia and Virginia, have the world beaten as to the volume and variety of mineral waters.

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## CHAPTER IX

*Civil War activities on the Midland Trail. The stamping ground of Lee, Crook, Wise, Floyd, and other generals. Here Milton W. Humphries invented indirect fire.*

In regard to these chapters on the Midland Trail, fast assuming the size and shape of a history of southern West Virginia, the period of the Civil War demands some attention. The activities along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, now called the Midland Trail would demand a book in themselves, but there would be so many statistics in it that you would not stand for it. The names of the regiments and companies clutter up war history until the unfortunate reader throws the thing across the room.

When Moses was writing and compiling the Pentateuch, some earnest souls thought that he was not getting enough statistics in it, and they called for a recording of facts. More facts and less style. Moses seems to have been a nervous man, and he gave them some chapters of genealogy running like this: And Joktan begat Almodad, and so forth. And all the world gives it the go by. In the days when we read the Bible through every few months at family prayers, our good father would direct the skipping of the begatitudes.

And now that I am undertaking a chapter on the Civil War, I am going to see if I cannot make it run along in a sort of general way pleasing to the company in an attempt to get at the kernel of the subject, even under the danger of being accused of soldiering.

During the whole four years there were armies marching to and fro across the southern part of West Virginia from the first to the last, and there has not been very much said about the campaigns in any books that I can get hold of. A similar activity was to be observed along the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, the parallel road farther north, but it seems that most of the writers have been from the northern part of the State, and small attention has been given to the tremendous happenings of what is now the more populous half of West Virginia, to wit, the southern end—that part of the State that lies south of the Bison Range, the unbroken divide that lies from the Virginia line at the junction of Pendleton, Highland, and Pocahontas counties, to the Ohio River above the mouth of the Great Kanawha River.

Among the actions fought on the Midland Trail were: Battle of White Sulphur Springs, two battles at Lewisburg, Sewell Mountain, Carnifax Ferry, Cotton Hill, two battles at Fayetteville, Charleston (September 13, 1862), Scary, Hurricane Bridge, three battles in Lincoln (Sandy Lick, Curry Farm, and Coon Creek), Winfield, Pore's Hill and Guyandotte.

In the beginning, Gen. Cox advanced eastward on the highway from Ohio, with the Union Army, and Henry A. Wise and John B. Floyd came from Virginia, as rival commanders of the Confederate forces. And the feeling between the Blue and the Gray was mild compared to the fierce conflict between those two generals. It is apparent that the dislike between the two commanders extended to the rank and file.

Henry A. Wise had been governor of Virginia just preceding the war, and had steam-rolled the ordinance of secession through the Richmond convention the year after his term as governor had ended. He emphasized his remarks with a horse pistol and carried everything before him. He put Virginia with the seceding States and caused West Virginia to leave home and set up for herself. In 1856, when Henry, the Worst, was nominated at Staunton, much of his strength came from the western counties. I have it on the authority of a son of Dr. English, that Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Logan County, first suggested Wise as a candidate and put his nomination over. Anyway he hotfooted to the Kanawha Valley on the outbreaking of hostilities, to hold these counties in line, but he met with only partial success. He did raise a considerable army by bringing on Virginia troops to augment his volunteers from this side of the mountain, and so far as Wise's campaign was concerned he succeeded in what he undertook. Probably his most signal success was the winning of the battle of Scary, down the river between St. Albans and Winfield.

Gen. John B. Floyd had also served as governor of Virginia, and in addition to that he had been Secretary of War in President Buchanan's cabinet, immediately preceding the war. His commission antedated that of Wise, and on this ground he claimed to be in command. Wise who had driven a recalcitrant convention at the point of a horse pistol was not one to submit tamely to an old political rival, and he took it up with

Robert E. Lee as did Floyd, and Lee seems to have intimated that while the position of one of them was safer than the position of the other was stronger. But finally the President of the Confederate States ordered Wise to turn over everything to Floyd and to report in Richmond, which he did after consulting Lee on that, too. Wise retained his rank as general all through the war, and was with Lee at Appomattox.

After Wise got to Richmond, he gave such an account of the troubles in the Kanawha Valley that the department allowed him to withdraw his Legion to eastern Virginia, and ordered Gen. Loring's army to march on to Charleston by the Midland Trail, while Floyd with 4,700 men was ordered to proceed in a parallel line on the south side of the river. But en route Gen Loring was ordered to Cheat Mountain, and Floyd was left unsupported. He had several contacts with Gen. Cox at Cotton Hill, Fayetteville, and other points in Fayette and Raleigh counties, and he reported that the Union forces would not stand up and fight. The Union officers reported Floyd in hasty and disorganized retreat. The Richmond department was not satisfied with Floyd's account and his command was ordered east. This was in November and thus ended the first season in southern West Virginia with the Union army in possession.

The next year, the Kanawha campaign was turned over to Gen. Loring.

Detailed accounts of this and other campaigns may be found in a pamphlet by Milton W. Humphries, entitled "Military Operations in Fayette County and the Lynchburg Campaign printed by Charles A. Goddard, Fayetteville, W. Va."

One of the units of the Confederate forces that traveled the Midland Trail was the Monroe Artillery, more often referred to as Bryan's Battery. In charge of the first gun of that battery was A. N. Campbell, known as the Big Sergeant of Bryan's Battery. He was a powerful man over six feet tall and weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds in his prime. After the war he became a famous judge and lawyer. He was judge of the district composed of the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, Summers and Fayette, which he served for eight years as presiding judge for a salary of eighteen hundred dollars per year. The vicissitudes of politics retired him in 1896, when he was approaching old age and he was very much concerned about the chances of building up a practice again. But his ability was recognized and he at once was retained by two clients on a yearly retainer of \$2,500.00 each, and he built up a great practice and accumulated a fortune. His defeat had proved a blessing in disguise. Soldiers who have seen him in action serving his piece of artillery have said that it was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage and strength that they had ever seen.

Captain Thomas A. Bryan's battery in the opening of the campaign of 1862, consisted of two pieces of artillery and eighty men. The men served with an infantry regiment.

The sergeant of the second piece, a twelve-pound howitzer, was Milton W. Humphries, of Monroe County, aged eighteen, who had been recalled from college life to fight for the Confederacy. He served throughout the war, and studied ballistics with an acute and scientific mind until he became a recognized authority in the science of the motion of projectiles. For instance a shot from a cannon must take into consideration the rotary